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THE GOVERNMENT AND REFORM.

MR. DISRAELI is fond of mysteries; and if the English public had shared his taste, his speech on Monday last would have been an eminent success. Unfortunately for him and for the Government of which he is the guiding spirit, we prefer a simple, direct, and straightforward treatment of political questions; and, therefore, the result of so elaborate a piece of mystification as the address in question is simply to tantalize, to irritate, and to disappoint both the adherents and the opponents of the speaker. The Administration of Lord Derby had a rare chance of settling the long-pending controversy about Parliamentary Reform, and they have thrown it away. There may be exceptions on both sides of the House of Commons, but the great body of its members are like the mass of their constituents, sincerely anxious that some measure should be passed which may rid us of the evils of political agitation, and remove an impediment to the course of ordinary legislation. The Liberal party are at the present moment by no means sufficiently united to enter upon a struggle for power, unless this be forced upon them by some cause, which, at the same time, composes their differences and closes their ranks. Whatever may be the inclination of Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone has certainly no desire to offer anything like a factious opposition to a measure proceeding from the Conservative party. Had the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid on the table a Bill which could, by any possibility, have been moulded into a satisfactory shape, it would beyond all doubt have been accepted, at least as the basis of discussion, by a commanding majority of the House. Nay, more; had he brought forward a series of definite resolutions in a business-like and conciliatory manner, no serious objection could have been taken, even to this inconvenient and embarrassing course of procedure. It is, however, difficult to say, whether he made the greater mistake in his speech or in his resolutions. Nothing could well be more purposeless, or more foreign to the matter in hand, than the historical details, and the quasi-philosophical dissertation by which he detained the House for more than an hour before giving them the least hint as to the nature of the Government propositions. The only strictly relevant observation which we can discover in this waste of words was one that the House received with loud laughter, and against which Mr. Gladstone subsequently entered an emphatic protest. There are obvious reasons why the Government should arrive at the conclusion that it is expedient Parliamentary Reform should no longer remain a question which should decide the fate of Ministers. But it is a novel proposition that because a question is so difficult and important that a weak, and perhaps a divided, Administration cannot deal with it, the ordinary constitutional practice of the country is to be suspended, the Government is to be allowed to throw off its responsibility, and Parliament is to undertake, without any guidance worthy of the name, to perform the duties of the Executive in the preparation of a legislative measure. That Parliament has incurred a heavy responsibility in reference to this subject is true enough, but this is no reason for imposing upon it duties which it is not competent to discharge, or for relieving the Ministry from the disagreeable necessity of having a policy, and standing or falling with it. After proposing such an innovation as this, it was rather too bad of the right hon.

gentleman to taunt others with a desire to reconstruct the House on other than constitutional principles. That he should ever have ventured to suggest anything of the kind is another, and by no means the only additional proof which his speech affords of that incapacity to understand and sympathize with his countrymen which has prevented his ever acquiring any power or influence beyond the walls of the House of Commons. Like many other clever people, he is "too clever by half." The confidence which he has in his own schemes prevents him from perceiving that they are seen through by others; he often loses by needless manœuvring the advantage which he might have gained by a more direct course of action. It is difficult to conceive what benefit he expected to derive from withholding an explicit statement of his resolutions on Monday last. But it is easy to see what he has lost by his reticence. We confess to an opinion that no amount of exposition could have made them palatable to the country, but they need not have been abandoned for nearly a fortnight to hostile criticism, without the advantage of such explanations as might have been readily afforded, in lieu of a coarse attack upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, and an ill-timed review of the Legislatures of foreign States. The only interpretation which we can place upon such a line of conduct is, that Mr. Disraeli desires the resolutions to retain, for the present, all the vagueness which distinguishes them, because the Government have not made up their minds, but intend to shape their course by the discussions which may take place in the press and elsewhere during the next few days. They are in fact "angling for a policy;" and little flattering to themselves as Mr. Disraeli confesses that their course appears at first sight, it is in reality even less creditable than it seems, either to their honesty as politicians or their resolution as statesmen.

However, the resolutions are now before us, and we must endeavour to discover for ourselves whether they contain any plan, and if so, what it is. As to the first resolution, "That the number of electors for counties and boroughs in England and Wales ought to be increased," no objection can possibly be taken to it except that it is entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as it affirms nothing which is not implied in the very fact of the subject being brought forward for legislation. The second resolution, that such measure will best be effected "by reducing the value of the qualifying tenement" and by adding other franchises not dependent upon such value, may or may not be one to which Reformers can assent. It may cover a scheme of fancy franchises and of "lateral extension" which may more than counterbalance the extensive demands by the working classes; but, on the other hand, to negative it would be to negative a lodger franchise, which is one of the few points on which almost every one is agreed. Whatever it may mean, it is open to the obvious objection that it leaves unsettled the exact point on which the whole difficulty of legislation arises. It would be mere trifling to declare that the franchise should be lowered, without stating in what manner and to what extent. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, contends that it is impossible to do this until the House has settled whether rental or rating should be the basis of the franchise; but it is evident that this difficulty only arises from the form in which the Government has shaped the resolutions, and that if they have any well-defined plan on the subject, nothing can be easier than to put it before the House of Commons in a way to raise the

real issue which must, sooner or later, be debated. Under the next resolution the cloven foot of Toryism is plainly apparent. The House is asked to declare that it is contrary to the Constitution of the realm to give to any one class or interest a predominating power over the rest of the community. Now, we utterly deny that the Constitution knows anything about classes or interests. It is acquainted only with King, Lords, and Commons, including in the latter the whole people of England, without distinction of rank. So long as the higher classes held unquestioned power in the State we never heard of this new theory, which has, in fact, been invented in order to prevent the working classes from obtaining any share of the influence to which they are justly entitled. Its introduction into these resolutions is, in the highest degree, significant of the spirit in which they are framed and of the sort of legislation which it would be sought to found upon them. With regard to the difference between rating and rental as a basis for the franchise, we do not entertain any strong opinion, nor do we regard it as at all a vital point. But the next resolution, which affirms the principle of plurality voting, must receive the opposition of every sound Liberal. It is, indeed, so totally opposed to all our habits, that it is difficult to understand how any Cabinet could have been induced to put it forward. The resolutions relating to the revision of seats are not open to any material objection, but then they settle nothing; they are perfectly useless as the basis of legislation; they leave not only the details but the principles of enfranchisement and disfranchisement to be discussed when the Bill comes before the House. We may pass over the other resolutions until we come to the last, which declares that a humble address should be presented to her Majesty praying her to appoint a commission to rearrange the boundaries of Parliamentary boroughs. This is evidently, in Mr. Disraeli's opinion, one of the most vital portions of the scheme, nor do we dissent from him. By a judicious settlement of boundaries it would be possible to increase the influence of the landed interest in small boroughs, or to diminish the influence of the population of large towns upon counties, to almost any extent. The effect of an extension of the franchise might in this way be effectually neutralized, and for that reason, if for no other, it would be most inexpedient to accept a resolution framed in these general terms. There is also another objection to which it is probably—although, we admit, not necessarily—open. Parliament might no doubt pass a Bill dealing with the redistribution of seats, without knowing what would be their size after the proposed rearrangement; but it is scarcely likely that they would consent to legislate in the dark, and the issue of the Commission would thus most likely serve as an excuse for throwing the whole subject over to another year.

It is obvious that while these resolutions embody more than one objectionable principle, they do not contain anything like a plan. They are vague and shadowy to the last degree. Some of the most important of them are susceptible of any interpretation you like to put upon them, and if they were all passed to-morrow we do not see that any real advance would be made towards the settlement of the question. But if the House once enters upon their consideration they will certainly not be passed, if passed at all until after very considerable debate. Each of them will furnish an opportunity for discussions which will be none the shorter because they are directed to no definite issue, and will have no immediate practical effect. While this process is going on, the session will pass away, and by the time the last resolution is disposed of, there will be no time for legislation during the present year. Without really determining anything, a twelvemonth would thus be wasted in desultory talk. Against such a result the Liberals are bound to struggle; and we have, at any rate, Mr. Gladstone's assurance that he will be no party to any course which may lead to further delay. It has been suggested in some quarters that the Government may be induced to take back these resolutions, for the purpose of amending them in such a way that they may embody a definite scheme; and that the House of Commons may then usefully and profitably consider them. What may or may not be done if we have to deal with resolutions of a character entirely different from those at present before us, we cannot, of course, pretend to say. But looking at the latter, we have no hesitation in saying that they afford no basis for useful discussion. Their consideration, under these circumstances, could lead to no practical result, while it would delay for another year the realization of the just hopes of the people. We cannot afford this, as the leader of the Opposition well said the other night. We therefore trust that unless the Government make some more satisfactory propositions within the next few days, there will be neither doubt nor hesitation in the action of the Liberal party; but that they will, by a decisive

vote, refuse to entertain propositions of a purely illusory character, and will compel the Government either to produce a Reform Bill, or to give place to a stronger, a more resolute, and, we must add, a more honest Administration.

ITALY.

THE frequent recurrence of Ministerial crises in Italy is calculated to give rise to well-founded apprehensions on the part of the friends of that country. Since the death of Count Cavour, no Government has succeeded in obtaining a position of stability. The Chambers have been split up into cliques and factions, rather than parties. Intrigue has played a large part in the successive displacement of Government after Government, and, although the nation has exhibited an unselfish and persistent patriotism worthy of all praise, the same thing cannot be said of the politicians who have too frequently abused the confidence reposed in them by their constituents. So long as Venetia was still subject to Austria, and a war with the latter Power loomed in the near distance, this was comparatively of little importance. Domestic legislation was not the foremost matter. Financial embarrassments might be allowed to accumulate for a time. The one thing needful was to be prepared for the coming emergency and the opportunity whenever they might come; and that was a duty which no Government was likely to neglect so long as the people were resolutely bent upon achieving their national unity. But now that Venetia is free, and the country is no longer menaced by a foreign enemy, it is absolutely necessary that vigorous steps should be taken to place its internal organization and its finances on a more satisfactory footing. The time for talk, even of the most patriotic kind, is over. That for labour, of the most practical and least exciting sort, has arrived. The relations between the Church and State are still unsettled, and the condition of the country is in many respects unsatisfactory, and even perilous. And yet it is under such circumstances that the work of legislation is at a stand-still; that important Bills are laid upon the table and forgotten; and that the Chamber of Deputies idles away day after day, and declines to undertake any other than the congenial work of destroying a Cabinet. We do not presume to censure them for not assenting to Baron Ricasoli's scheme for establishing a free Church in a free State, and at the same time supplying the financial necessities of the State by a partial confiscation of ecclesiastical property. It is a large and a bold plan. It is possibly in advance of the times; and we can quite conceive that it may require modifications in order to adapt it to the actual state of Italy. The Italians have no reason to love a Church which has opposed itself to the realization of their dearest wishes. They have had sufficient experience of its power to justify them in dreading the effect of giving it complete freedom. Although, therefore, we think their apprehensions are exaggerated, we confess that they are not altogether unnatural. What we blame them for is the haste and precipitation with which a scheme that had been carefully matured by the only statesman who possesses in a high degree the respect of his countrymen, was rejected by the committee to whom it was referred. It appears to be a fact that in scarcely any of the eight bureaux which pronounced against the Ministerial plan was there anything like deliberation; and there was certainly no desire exhibited to take the measure as a basis for some arrangement which might meet the exigencies of the case, and afford a satisfactory settlement of the questions at issue. The Bill was condemned with a haste which showed a great want of appreciation of the consequences of overthrowing the Government at the present juncture, and a strange disregard of the pressing necessity for replenishing an empty treasury, and providing at no very distant date for the restoration of the financial equilibrium. The Italians have in some respects yet to imbibe that spirit of compromise and conciliation which is necessary to the successful working of representative institutions. There is a certain childishness and petulance in their impulsive way of rejecting off-hand anything which does not immediately commend itself to their approval without regard to the unfortunate and embarrassing results which may attend their action. Had the deputies reflected at all on the matter, they must have seen that the overthrow of Ricasoli's Cabinet at the present time would be fraught with serious inconvenience, because whatever may be the faults of that statesman, he possesses an amount of authority and public confidence to which none of his rivals can lay any claim. Had he retired from office, it is certain that no Ministry likely to last could have been formed. A new series of changes must have followed, with the ruinous effect of bringing the business of the country for an indefinite period to

a total stand-still. And yet it is clear that, so far from endeavouring to avert such an evil, every attempt was made to drive the Ministry from office. Undaunted by the adverse votes of the bureaux, the Baron resolved to adhere to his measure, and it is said that he was not without hope of convincing the Chamber at large that it is founded upon substantially sound principles. Before the debate could come on, however, advantage was taken of his prohibiting the holding of certain public meetings in Venetia, to propose a vote of censure, which left the Government no alternative but to resign or dissolve. In vain did Ricasoli urge that recent disturbances in various districts of Venetia rendered it absolutely impossible to permit the public discussion of exciting topics. The Assembly, without paying any regard to the obvious danger which must attend such gatherings amongst a people who have only recently obtained their freedom, and are at the present time suffering from severe distress, passed a resolution demanding that all restrictions shall be removed from "the exercise of constitutional liberty as regards public meeting," and the Ministry thereupon resigned. The King, however, wisely refused to accept their resignation, preferring the alternative of an appeal to the country. The Parliament has consequently been dissolved, and a new one has been summoned to meet on the 22nd of next month. Even if it be then in a position, and in the mood, to set to work, a great deal of valuable time will have been lost; unfortunately, the formalities incidental to the first session of a new Legislature will consume some weeks, and it is not unlikely that the month of May will arrive before anything of importance can be done.

It is to be hoped that the opportunity thus afforded for reflection will not be thrown away by any of the parties concerned. There is no doubt that Ricasoli is partly in fault for what has occurred. He is too stern and unbending. He cares little for the opinions of others, and does not sufficiently bear in mind the fact that a constitutional Minister must do, not altogether what he thinks right, but what he finds possible. If we may trust the information which reaches us on respectable authority, he framed the measure which has excited so much opposition without much consultation with his colleagues, and without taking any steps to sound the opinion of his parliamentary supporters. Himself convinced that Italy, once free and in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty, had nothing to fear from the machinations even of a richly-endowed priesthood, he made no allowance for the timidity or the resentment of his countrymen. Although he may be willing to let off the Church on a very moderate compromise, the Italians are less placable. The Church has long had its heel upon them, and now they are determined to place their heel on the Church. They have, indeed, some plausible arguments on their side. The Church is so far interwoven with all the social relations of Italy, its ancient prestige is so great, its power of concentrated action is so considerable, that it must necessarily exercise an influence which cannot be despised. No doubt, in time the enjoyment of liberty, and the formation of habits of self-government, will greatly neutralize this; but it must not be forgotten that such habits are still foreign to the people of a large portion of Italy, and that the Pope and the priesthood have therefore, especially in Naples and Sicily, an amount of power which renders it hazardous to confer upon the body to which they belong that perfect freedom which the Catholic Church possesses in the United States and in England. Whether these views are or are not sound, they are certainly largely held by the Italians, and Ricasoli will do well to take them into consideration. He must abandon the notion of realizing at a single step Cavour's idea of "a free Church in a free State." He must bend to the necessities, and even to the prejudices, of his time; and, if he does this, we have little doubt that he may produce a plan, perhaps not so grand or so philosophical as that which has just been shipwrecked, but better adapted to the transition stage through which Italy is now passing. On the other hand, the deputies who form the new Parliament will do well to bear in mind that they have more important functions to discharge than that of making and remaking Ministries. It is an exciting game; but the country cannot afford to indulge them with an unlimited amount of it. They have yet to prove that they can use the freedom they have won, and they can only do this by applying themselves seriously to work. It is clear that things cannot remain long in the present state, because, from whatever else there may be an escape, there is none from the steady and inexorable pressure of financial embarrassment. If the representatives of the people not only themselves neglect the duty of government, but prevent any one else from performing it, a time must come when the Constitutional institutions of the country will be in danger. A parliament is a good thing when it sets itself to the work of construction; but,

when it devotes itself to nothing but the work of destruction, its fate is sealed. No more deplorable event for the cause of constitutional liberty could occur than the failure of free institutions in Italy; and we do, therefore, trust that the people and their representatives will yet be wise in time, and that the new Parliament may be distinguished by a spirit of compromise and accommodation—by a disposition to do rather than to talk—which have been sadly wanting to its immediate predecessors. That this will really be so we have little doubt. The Italians—whatever their mistakes, arising from impulsiveness, may be—have a large reserve of common sense. Affairs will probably adjust themselves by that instinctive tendency to go right which the nation has so often manifested before; and Florence, the new capital of Italy, will then exhibit the spectacle of an enfranchised people devoting itself with moderation and good feeling to the consolidation of its freedom and its power.

THE FENIANS AT CHESTER.

If we could afford to play the part of mere lookers-on in the contest, such as it is, between the Fenians and the Government, we should have a right to complain that a vast secret organization, which is able to reach the point of every now and then plunging us into hot water, is able to achieve nothing more. There is a pleasure, of its kind, in a contest with foemen who show themselves worthy of our steel. If they trouble us, if they even obtain temporary successes over us, their exploits enable us to pride ourselves upon the nobler qualities of our common nature. They have done what we should have been proud to have done had we been in their place; and, to put the matter on its lowest footing, they have shown that our precautions, our alarm, our demand for help from this or that quarter, have not been the result of causeless alarm. But it is neither an agreeable nor a dignified position to be constantly in a state of suspense, dreading a peril which never declares itself, and preparing battle for a foe who is always hovering about us somewhere, but never trusts himself within our reach. Now, the Fenians have placed us in this absurd position. Ever since the close of the war in America we have been apprehending an outburst without having the slightest idea when or where it would occur. When we have taken our measures of repression, all signs of hostility have disappeared. We have strained our powers to the utmost, and have always been in doubt whether we have been endeavouring to strangle a giant, or merely to break a fly upon the wheel. Before Government interfered to repress the vagaries of the Brotherhood, it was well known that in various parts of Ireland—in the open fields at midnight, or in rooms hired for the purpose—drillings went on, while arms were everywhere being secreted. By-and-by suspicious characters came from America, and the pear seemed to be ripe. But though the Government myrmidons swooped down on the Brotherhood, and captured some scores of them; though these were tried and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment; though the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; and though every doubtful looking individual landing in Ireland was arrested, and every suspicious-looking package seized and examined—the Brotherhood survived. The police had "scotched the snake, not killed it." Just before Christmas, there was an alarm in Ireland that in a month, in a week, by the day after to-morrow, the Brotherhood would certainly be up and doing. But these terrors passed away like the fumes of a bottle of smoke. We had dismissed the Fenians from our minds, and were listening to Mr. Disraeli's too clever speech on Monday, when news came that the Brotherhood were in possession of Chester, and were threatening the castle with the intent of seizing the 9,000 stand of arms, 4,000 swords, 900,000 rounds of ammunition, and a quantity of powder in bulk which were stored there. Here then at last there was a prospect of our being able to try conclusions with Fenianism in the flesh, and not as bodied forth in mysterious accounts of midnight meetings and secreted arms. But no sooner had we rallied our forces for the encounter, than the 1,500 Fenians who had come from Liverpool, Manchester, Halifax, Staleybridge, and other places, vanished. Like the ingenious general who marched his forces up a hill, and immediately afterwards marched them down again, the 1,500 Fenians had no sooner concentrated themselves in Chester than, with an equally sudden centrifugal force, they dispersed. A charitable M.P. has accounted for this meteoric appearance and disappearance by suggesting in the House of Commons that the mob of strangers who so alarmed Chester on Monday and Tuesday last, was only a collection of vagabonds who had assembled to witness a prize-fight. But prize-fights are not fought in the streets of a city, and under the eyes of the police. No; it was the Fenians who were in Chester

on Monday and Tuesday last. There can be no doubt of it. All their antecedent characteristics were repeated on this occasion. They might easily have taken the castle, but they waited for reinforcements, which were not necessary, and even when their reinforcements arrived they did nothing. Finally, when it became certain that the castle would be defended, they sneaked out of the town, not even daring to make use of their railway return-tickets, but departing to their several homes on foot.

We say that this is provoking, and in an eminent degree cowardly and unfair. It would be enough to render the life of any man miserable, if, whenever he left his suburban home of a morning to go to his place of business in the City, he were encountered at every corner by some vagabond who took a delight in shaking his fist at him from a safe distance, occasionally crossing his path and making a threatening display of his teeth. That is exactly our position with regard to the Fenian Brotherhood. They are a hostile force amongst us, capable of occasioning us infinite anxiety at any moment, but never daring to put themselves in the position of having to choose between victory and defeat. When the future historian comes to record their deeds, he will have to summarize them in some such formula as that of Cæsar, but modified—"They came, they saw, and they decamped." If this policy is intentional, if it is not part and parcel of that cowardice which is more or less always associated with braggadocio, we must admit that it is subtle, and, of its kind, judicious. Some Fenians have been bold enough to say that they are a match for the British army, and that they only wait for reinforcements from America to try whether they are or not. It might be better for us if such reinforcements were forthcoming. The struggle might then be a bloody one, but it would give us a tangible foe. As the case stands, we are fighting with shadows—apparitions which are here one moment and are gone the next. We have just had to pour troops into Chester, and to keep the telegraph throbbing with messages between the Home Office and the Mayor of Chester, and between the Mayor of Chester and Major-General Sir John Garvock, who commands the troops in the northern division of England. We have had to despatch 500 of the Guards from London to the threatened town, whose inhabitants and volunteers had already been sworn in as special constables. All this we have been compelled to do by men on whom we could afford to look with a supreme contempt, if we could only manage to get them before us in solid bodily array, even with twenty times the arms and ammunition in their hands which they might easily have stolen from Chester Castle on Monday, if they had dared. But though we have every reason to complain of the unceasing state of anxiety in which we are kept by the Fenian Brotherhood, issuing every now and then into a state of positive alarm, we must deal with the evil as we find it. If the Fenians adopt their apparently cowardly tactics from policy, so much the worse for us. In that case we have to deal with a nuisance on a very large scale which has often baffled us on a small one. We are not unmindful of the sufferings of Professor Babbage, and all of us who dread the invasions of the organ-grinders know the value of peace and quietness. We ask, in a spirit of the greatest anxiety, have the Fenians applied to the region of politics the torture which, in the hands of the Padrone's serfs has been so efficacious in quiet neighbourhoods. If so, we are as helpless as Mr. Babbage himself, and may vociferate as loudly as he has done, and with as small a result.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The Fenian movement is one which we must oppose with all our force—whenever it gives us an opportunity. But it would be a fatal mistake to despise it. However revolutionary, and even freebooting, it may be, there can be no question that, amongst the Irish in Ireland, and amongst the Irish in England, it numbers its adherents by hundreds of thousands. It is this fact which constitutes our peril. If the soil were not prepared for the exotic it would perish. But the soil is prepared for it, and it does not perish. Grant its treachery, its furtiveness, its cowardice, and the insincerity of many of its leaders—the impostor Stephens, for instance—it has still the firm ground of justifiable disaffection to stand upon. By the activity of our police, aided by the treachery which has never been absent from any Irish movement, we shall be able, if not to anticipate the action of the Fenian Brotherhood, at least to crush it when it shows head. This we can do by our overwhelming might. But even so, we shall not reach the root of the disease. If we would eradicate it we must place Ireland on a footing of perfect equality with England and Scotland. How to do that is a problem not unworthy of a patriotic Administration. But until the problem has been solved, we must expect every now and then to be alarmed by the cry that "the Fenians are upon us." Even while

we write, we hear that the Government have received information of their assemblage in Kerry, and that large bodies of military have been despatched to Killarney, where the gentry of the place have been fain to take refuge in the Railway Hotel. A coast-guard station has been attacked, and it is said that the Kells police barracks was similarly visited on the night of Tuesday, and arms seized. But the Fenians have again vanished. They have "pushed on to Kenmare."

MILITARY REFORM.

It is a painful and humiliating fact that, after our Crimean experience, our perpetual commissions and committees for military improvements, and the lessons we have been allowed to learn, without personal punishment, from the Italian, Danish, and late German wars, we could not at the present moment put into the field anything worthy of the name of an army. Thirty thousand regular troops are all that we could call together in the United Kingdom and Ireland, even under the most pressing circumstances. Even those would be destitute of any organization. No one knows how transport would be provided for them, nor even the department to which we could turn to supply that transport. No one, not even the Commander-in-Chief or the Secretary of State for War, could state at the present moment how any reserves would be forthcoming to fill up the vacancies caused by a week's campaign, even in such a paltry force; far less can any one guess how, in case of disaster, this tiny army could be replaced or repaired. In fact, our means of military defence are in a miserably unsatisfactory state, both as regards numbers, formation, organization, and ministration. Why should this be so? It cannot be supposed that the gentlemen who during late years have successively held the reins of the War Office have been one and all engaged in a conspiracy to deceive the country, and gradually to allow it to glide into a state of abject helplessness. Their conduct has proved that they have acted far differently. Careful, zealous, energetic, and persevering, they have laboured hard to break through the strait-waistcoat which has hampered all their endeavours at improvement, but none has succeeded in shaking it off, or even in writhing a limb from its stifling embrace. They have been crushed down by the fear of unpopularity, because they knew well that to improve the army would entail upon them the task of telling many disagreeable truths to the country and of calling upon the people for an increase of expenditure. This must be the real root of army reform. The military authorities must have the command of more money. If taxpayers resolutely button up their pockets and refuse to pay the necessary rate of insurance for their security, they must be contented to exist in a state of permanent danger with the sword of every possible assailant suspended over them by a hair. Many complaints are made—some justly, some at random—of the lavish waste and improvident extravagance of our military administration. No one can deny that financial economy does not stand out in bold relief among the few virtues of the War Office, except in its dealings with those who have not either powerful interest, powerful pens, or powerful lungs with which to parade their grievances. Unfortunates, who have none of these desirable auxiliaries to aid them, come in for the penny-wise policy, which appears as distinctive of departmental control as inefficient obtrusiveness is of Bumbledom. Those who are supported by these strenuous advocates draw the prizes and gather into their garner great stakes won from the momentary pound-foolishness of administration. Yet, with one or two exceptions, there are few permanent causes of waste. One notorious exception is the employment of civilian clerks in the War Office, who, as a rule, being fitted more for flippant incapacity and offensive ignorance than for an agreeable discharge of their duties, could be replaced with great advantage and with great saving of money by a far smaller number of non-commissioned officers. These would not only perform the duties of their situation with equal ability, but would, from a remembrance of former discipline, refrain from the manners and customs of official correspondence, which have of late years roused the indignation and anger of all the active members of the military profession, against many self-constituted representatives of the Secretary of State for War and self-elected censors of regimental matters beyond their comprehension. Yet it would be hard to expect a Secretary of State for War to ruthlessly insist upon these young gentlemen being replaced by competent clerks. An English Government exists upon parliamentary sufferance, and some sops must be retained in the hands of the Ministers, to throw to refractory members

who might turn the scale of a division. Members must be agreeable to constituents, and as long as we can hope that the Registrar-General may continue to report a perpetually increasing population, it is but reasonable to expect that constituents will have children, some of whom may probably be sons. Although a man may be possessed of a vote, the qualification for the franchise in England is not so high as to insure that every voter should be able to place his sons in such eligible positions as may render them independent of any professional exertions. They have to make up their minds to work, and are possibly started with the proud assurance that they may choose their own profession, and that in it they may rise by industry, perseverance, and energy to the highest position. Unfortunately, the very portals of many professions are closed by difficult examinations. All young men are not competent to pass a difficult examination, and some fail. As a rule, these are not the most industrious, persevering, or energetic of their compeers, but they must, nevertheless, be fed and clothed, and their friends do not always see the advantage of performing for ever for their benefit those charitable duties which the warmest philanthropist would hardly wish to extend beyond the helpless poor. Something must be done. The county or borough member is appealed to, and requested to get that vague "open sesame" to professional life, a nomination to a public office. The member of Parliament, willing to retain the suffrages of his clients, urges upon the attention of the Secretary of War the claims and qualifications of a most estimable young man, with whom he probably never conversed for half an hour, and whom, perhaps, he does not even know by sight. Still, the Ministry require the member's support, and the estimable young man, after passing a single examination, is ultimately introduced into the public service; there he is soon initiated into the mysteries of snubbing distant officers or commandants, who, perhaps, broiling under a tropical sun, require little to raise their blood to fever heat. With the exception of the substitution of these merry young gentlemen by men who have already served their country and proved their capabilities, little saving, except in very minor matters, could be effected in the War Office, or in the military service generally. Officers and soldiers are alike notoriously under-paid. Every branch of the army raises its greedy voice, and clamours loudly for more money to be spent upon itself. Barracks, hospitals, schools, and even churches, are badly wanted, and the Government cannot give the money to furnish them. Married soldiers must still live in a state of indecency, which ruins their self-respect, and destroys every idea of the hallowedness of matrimonial life by its disgusting obscenity. A little money is now given every year for the purpose of building quarters for married soldiers; but if the annual amount be not increased, it will require exactly one hundred years to complete proper dwellings for the married soldiers stationed in the United Kingdom.

Everywhere the cry is raised for money, and if England requires an army, she must be content to spend money upon it. Men who draw comparisons between the military expenditure of our country and that of continental nations, usually omit from their arguments one most important consideration. Every European country except our own recruits its army by conscription in some form. The people of England object to being held liable to military service; they must therefore make up their minds to pay for men to undertake that liability for them. If England maintained an army, and reserves ready to fill that army up to a proper strength for active service, she would pay less actually, in proportion to the rate of wages in this country, than any other country in the world. The cost of an army cannot be calculated by the number of pounds, shillings, and pence, demanded by the Minister of War, except in England. Here these figures show all that the country has to subscribe for its safety. Abroad there is an immense amount of military expenditure hidden. The loss of a large country through conscription has been estimated as high as that of the whole of our Army Estimates, without regarding the subsequent cost of arming, clothing, and maintaining the conscripts. This is a fact which should be borne in mind by writers and speakers who cavil at the expense of our military administration; for if it be the case, the head of our military organization has a right to come before Parliament and demand an increase of the Estimates equal to the Military Budget of a great European Power, before he can pretend to place the army on a proper footing. We ourselves do not consider that this calculation is correct; we are convinced that it is exaggerated, but we are as firmly convinced that the first demand which will have to be made by any one who would efficiently reform the army will be money, for when there is no compulsory service,

men must be bribed to enter the ranks, especially when expatriation is not the exception but the rule of the soldier's life. That money must be required to increase our army may be evident from the fact that while the ordinary builder earns as wages even ninety pounds a year, the soldier receives only eighteen pounds annually. This is not a prospect likely to induce good men to spend the best parts of their lives in distant, unhealthy, and disagreeable countries, subjected to a discipline to which their civilian compeers would not submit, and with but slight prospects of securing a competence in the event of age, or discharge from service.

MR. SEWARD.

It is about seventeen years since William Henry Seward, just entering upon a senatorial career that afterwards became historical in his own country, was subjected by an opponent to a sharp personal criticism. In reply, he said:—"Mr. President, I will not allude to such remarks of the senator who has taken his seat as bear upon my personal conduct, for I do not consider any man's personal affairs worth five minutes of the time of the United States Senate," and at once passed on to a vigorous argument on the subject before the Senate, the effect of which was materially enhanced by the skilful sentence which thus parried his opponent's thrust at himself. From that time the New York statesman has adhered to the rule laid down at the beginning of his career in national politics. He has been repeatedly and bitterly attacked, formerly by Democratic, latterly by Republican, politicians; but he has preserved a silence with regard to his own course almost unique in the annals of American politics. Recently, however, the opprobrium which has been heaped upon him by his former political friends has wrung from him a few words to which his previous reserve gives some pregnancy. In reply to a friend who recently reported to him a statement made by a politician in a public speech, seriously affecting his personal character, the Secretary of State writes:—"So far as I myself am concerned, it is only necessary to say that I have no remembrance of a time during my public life in which less charitable views of my public life and private character were taken by those who differed from me than those which are now presented by opponents of the policy which it is my duty to maintain. My first complaint of unkindness at the hands of any of my fellow citizens remains yet to be made, and I think it may with safety be still longer deferred." There is something touching certainly in the modesty and simplicity of these words, and that they have been thus far without the natural response that they might be expected to evoke from a hearty and generous people, shows that the alienation from him of the party he once led is more profound than he was, perhaps, aware of when he wrote them. So late as 1860, Mr. Seward received, in the Republican Convention at Chicago, 173 votes out of 465 cast on the nomination of a presidential candidate, including the votes of nine States, among which were the great States of New York and Massachusetts. Though Mr. Lincoln received the nomination over him by a small majority, the votes cast for Mr. Seward were generally regarded as marking him out for the succession. Six years had rolled away, and when he passed with President Johnson through New York the Legislature, which had repeatedly chosen him as their Senator, deliberately struck his name from the resolution welcoming the presidential party to their capital, and their action was applauded by every State that had voted for him at Chicago, where Mr. Seward had been particularly the candidate of the extreme Radicals. Thus, he finds himself deserted, in his sixty-sixth year, with but little prospect of ever regaining before the country a position just now so commanding.

The causes of Mr. Seward's failure, as well as of his former success, are palpable, and they form the most striking illustration with which we are acquainted of the political condition of the United States. For, after all, the social and political elements of a vast country of mixed population are not to be learnt from statistics or partisan successes, so much as from the kind of public men who are produced by them, and nominally represent them. Mr. Seward's earliest prominence in American politics marked the emergence of forces that had been silently working in the generation which trained him, and held a new order in solution. Every eminent American statesman before him had built on the past; nothing distinctively American had yet been heard in Congress. The prevailing tone in colleges, in the national and the State councils, was that of perpetual celebration of the past—of the Washingtons,

Adamses, and others—which may become a necessary habit of thought in an old country, but can only be an embryonic phase with an infant republic. That optimism in Mr. Seward's character which, when in later days it predicted the crushing of the rebellion in ninety days, called down so much ridicule upon him, was, nevertheless, the mainspring of the power he wielded so long over the most active minds of his contemporary generation. A brave satisfaction with the present time and with available resources was by no means a philosophy original with him, but he was the first to carry that spirit into practical American politics. It was not so much the novelty of the utterance, as the fact that it came from an eminent senator from the foremost State of the Union, which gave such weight to his famous address in 1854 to the students of Yale College. In that address he maintained strongly the advantages of the time and the forces then existing, and that too without any of the flippancy or conceit which so often mars the essays of the "good time coming" school of prophets. "A kind of reverence," he said, "is paid by all nations to antiquity. There is no one that does not trace its lineage from the gods, or from those who were especially favoured by the gods. Every people has had its age of gold, or Augustan age, or heroic age—an age, alas! for ever passed. These prejudices are not altogether unwholesome. Although they produce a conviction of declining virtue, which is unfavourable to generous emulation, yet a people at once ignorant and irreverent would necessarily become licentious. Nevertheless such prejudices ought to be modified. It is untrue that in the period of a nation's rise from disorder to refinement, it is not continually able to surpass itself. We see the present plainly, distinctly, with all its coarse outlines, its rough inequalities, its dark blots, and its glaring deformities. We hear all its tumultuous sounds and jarring discords. We see and hear the past, through a distance which reduces all its inequalities to a plane, mellows all its shades into a pleasing hue, and subdues even its hoarsest voices into harmony. In our own case the prejudice is less erroneous than in most others. The revolutionary age was truly a heroic one. Its exigencies called forth the genius, and the talents, and the virtues of society, and they ripened amid the hardships of a long and severe trial. But there were selfishness, and vice, and factions then as now, although comparatively subdued and repressed." In this vein of philosophical optimism, easily passing at every step into national complacency, he made his telling statement before the young politicians. He has always stuck to his text, even in his jokes. In the time of the Know-nothing agitation he said that whilst he should not join in disparaging people who came from other countries, he would strongly advise people hereafter to be born in America.

Had Mr. Seward but represented the State and the interests which surrounded him, his career might have been that of a Thurlow Weed *plus* the gift of speech, or, with his stronger temperament, he might have become one of that famous set of New York politicians who seem to oscillate between Congress and the State's prison. But he was the son of educated parents who had both the will and the means of giving him the finest collegiate education; and, starting out with this, his eye could not fail to be caught by the most commanding figure, to a cultivated man, in his country, which was that of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams was a pure, eloquent, learned, and absolutely fearless statesman, and represented "the Massachusetts school" of politics; in throwing himself heart and soul into the canvass for the re-election of that man to the presidency, nearly forty years ago, Mr. Seward brought himself into relation with a range of ideas foreign to the politics of New York. Out of the egg then deposited in his mind there came the strong anti-slavery conviction to which he gave the greater part of his political life. This conviction called about it all the enthusiasm of his passionate nature, and for a time bore him beyond the school in which he was trained, even to the assertion made by him during the discussion of the Fugitive Slave Bill, that there was "a higher law" than the law of the land, which would prevent men from helping to hunt running negroes even at the call of the authorities. This and other radical utterances made the South dread him more than any other member of Congress, and made its representatives speak of him as "the deadliest foe they had." The Southerners also felt that he was their only superior in eloquence from the North. For in subtlety, clearness, and impressiveness, Mr. Seward has never had his equal in the American Senate; and when a question bearing upon slavery was spoken to by him, the Southerners would gather in full force, and were unable to conceal their agitation and apprehension. He would sweep

over the subject like some great formidable bird of prey—and his physiognomy, especially his beak-like nose, bears out the comparison—pouncing down here and there upon unsuspected points with terrific effect. None could ever foresee his method or the point he would attack, and from first to last the Senate was startled into attention, and compelled into admiration.

And yet he was always distrusted. He served the cause of the Radicals, but in unfamiliar and indirect ways, which the Radicals felt might at any moment lead away from their plain path. He also cultivated personal relations with opponents—never, however, winning their confidence thereby—and loved to make small concessions to them, which were dreaded by the rank and file of his party. It seemed as if, whilst serving Radicalism strenuously, he was also quietly making friends of the Southern Mammon. And so when it came to a crisis, and the Republicans had before them the selection of a standard-bearer, Mr. Seward was thrust aside, and Abraham Lincoln elected instead of him. There was, indeed, in this a show of ingratitude for Mr. Seward's long services, and there can be no doubt that that gentleman was deeply wounded, and profoundly alienated from the men with whom he had co-operated. He considered that "the Massachusetts school" had betrayed him, and has not failed to let them feel it since he has been in power. He has as Cabinet Minister opposed every Radical aim and effort. Few men ever had greater capacity for work, and his industry was now turned to impede the national purpose he had helped to make. This has been at a great cost to himself, whatever may be thought of the principles themselves. The departure from his Radical orbit did not lead to a frank sympathy with the South, and it has ended in his relapse into "the New York school," with its devotion to the transient details and intrigues of politics. The principles of Adams and the anti-slavery movement are now as the dreams of his youth, followed into the bitter disappointments amid which they vanished.

Mr. Seward's career as Foreign Secretary, which in America is blended with the office of Secretary of State, has, it must be confessed, been characterized by the application, to questions involving the broadest principles of international law and comity, of the narrowest rules of selfishness, whilst his spirit has been always indirect and often unscrupulous. In his recent unwarranted interference with the judicial proceedings in Canada against the Fenians, he has shown that his old complacency concerning America, that had risen in middle life to an enthusiasm for laws held higher than even the national statutes, has shrunk to an indifference to the rights of other nations. In the affair of Mason and Slidell, also, his declaration on surrendering them, that if the United States had regarded their retention as important to its purpose they would have retained them, however tenable, was needlessly introduced, and could only be regarded as indicating a similar animus. In the Mexican question he has shown the same want of frankness and the narrowest American feeling. Having even encouraged the French invasion of Mexico when it seemed to suit his purpose, he swiftly turned when to turn promised a gain to his own party, and filled the air with high assertions about non-intervention, assertions which the first show of a departure on the part of Maximilian proved to be mere talk. His disposition to do in Mexico exactly what France had done, was as the sin of David compared with that king's indignation against the rich man who had taken the poor man's ewe. There rarely has been a more signal instance of diplomatic duplicity. His despatches, though characterized by ability, are much more characterized by a certain morbid taste for a circuitous policy and by bad faith. It must be admitted that his unpopularity in his own country is a good sign. The American people are passing through the night, and though there are portents of evil in the sky, there are principles shining out which had been hidden and forgotten amid the garish light of their prosperity. The national mind has certainly been raised by misfortune and sorrow, and it is not wonderful that it should be in no mood to admire the tricks of statecraft. Mr. Seward has tried to lift national jealousies and selfish ends to the plane of the solemn realities and principles which overawe and tax the full energies of his countrymen, and he has manifestly failed. The people have refused to be interested in the question whether the French shall leave Mexico this month or the next; they have declined to have their attention diverted from their administration to prisoners in Canada; and though there is something sad in his recent letter, from which we have quoted, in which he complainingly declares that he will not complain, it is unassociated in our mind with any feeling of injustice in the popular verdict under which he suffers.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" AND THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

THE Royal Dublin Society is a somewhat anomalous institution, founded by charter of George II. "for promoting husbandry and other useful arts in Ireland," but which now seems to have a wider sphere of operation, for with agriculture and art, pigs and pictures, it combines literature and science—a library and a laboratory. The association is composed of a large number of private gentlemen who, from a laudable public spirit, and with a view to sundry preferential privileges of membership, contribute about one-sixth of the income of the Society, the other five-sixths being derived from annual Parliamentary grants. The functions of the Society, as a body, seem limited to the election of a semi-public, semi-private council of volunteers, who manage the Society's affairs, disburse over £6,000 per annum of public money, and enjoy whatever patronage and influence attaches to this expenditure, without being in the least degree individually responsible for the mode of its administration. Some undefined relation exists between this institution and the Department of Science and Art in South Kensington, and but that the old Lady of Leinster Lawn has a veritable certificate of birth dated in 1750, she might be considered as a kind of illegitimate offspring of the now departed Brompton Boilers.

Such an institution, it is obvious, cannot escape public criticism, and already two Parliamentary Select Committees have sat upon it, and a Treasury inquiry intervened. In our "Notes of the Week," so far back as the 8th of December last, we called attention to certain doings of this Royal Society, and our brief remarks created quite a sensation among its members. Consternation fell upon the Council, which assembled on the 19th of December, and having asserted, in a Resolution which prejudged the question, that our article "unjustly" charged them with maladministration, appointed a Special Committee "to investigate the matter, to endeavour to ascertain the author, with a view to elicit truth, and to report to the Council at its next meeting." The Committee must have found the article so tough as to require a lengthened process of digestion, and the truth must have had a decided objection to being elicited, for it was not until the 23rd of January that the Report was produced. After six weeks of incubation, the Report might be expected to show a little merit as a literary composition; but perhaps its style, which is coarse, has been adapted by the Secretary to the tastes of his agricultural readers, who are regaled with a dish of epithets such as "simply untrue," "equally unfounded," "dealing freely in slander," &c. The Society, no doubt, appreciates this kind of writing. The strong language with which the Report is flavoured will not, however, create much amazement, when it is remembered that all the Society's officers have not always been remarkable for softness of expression and gentleness of tone in communicating even with each other. For instance, we find recorded in the printed but unpublished Proceedings of the Society, under the date January 16th, 1860, an interchange of compliments between the librarian and the honorary secretary, which exhibits in a strong light the somewhat pugnacious temper of the Society's officials. A "difficulty" had arisen concerning the possession of a "periodical," which the librarian snatched from the "honorary secretary," whereupon what a by-stander called "a scolding-match" ensued. In the course of this scene, as given in evidence before a domestic court, presided over by the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland—who sat minus wig and reporters—the epithets "jobber," "upstart," "half-blooded fellow," were applied. The librarian threatened to wreath the honorary secretary's brow with "the second mark of Cain," and the honorary secretary informed the librarian that "only he was a poor small person he would smash his face." The librarian and the honorary secretary, whose amenities were thus pleasantly illustrated, were not deprived of their offices, nor of their position as members of the Royal Dublin Society. The "poor small person" is still paid librarian, and the gentleman who was to have been branded like Cain, although he voluntarily resigned the honorary secretaryship, is still an honoured and influential member. It is fortunate that the committee of investigation arrived at the sapient conclusion that "in accordance with established usage they were not entitled to require the name" of our informant, else the present honorary secretary might have felt himself bound to administer *ex officio* something more than a metaphorical "face smashing" to that puny individual. To come, however, to the facts in dispute: We ventured—in reference to the outlay of the £1,500, voted by Parliament to fit up what ought to be the great Public Library of Dublin—to remark that the necessary works might have been expected to be open to public competition; a thing which, admittedly,

seems not to have been dreamt of by the Society. No advertisement for tenders was ever issued. The Special Committee appointed to dissect our article do not venture beyond expressing their opinion that the "selection of a limited number of firms" to tender, was "the course which any person of practical sense would have adopted," and "the course invariably adopted by most public bodies where the strictest economy is adhered to." The veracious Report insinuates—for it prudently avoids asserting—that this was the course adopted by the Royal Society of Dublin. In spite, however, of the Committee's dictum that we "manifestly know nothing" of the matter, we repeat that even limited competition was not encouraged, and we challenge the Council to state how many invitations were issued to, and accepted by, the favoured firms,—whether any crumbs fell to the lot of tradesmen not introduced to the family board—whether a tithe of this public money was paid for work done even on private tenders—and whether a single instance can be produced of genuine "private competition" (limited). The observation of the Rev. Dr. Dickson, a Fellow of T.C.D., and a member of the Committee, that "there seemed to be an impression amongst the tradesmen of Dublin that it was not worth their while to send in estimates" (which statement he repeated in his published letter), evinces great discernment; and he would not have imperilled his character for veracity if he had added the words, "inasmuch as public competition is not encouraged," which the Report (artfully applying the remark to all attributed to him), alleges that he emphatically denied. We remarked that the old gallery in the Library (which was too heavy) was condemned, and that a new one of lighter construction was ordered. This statement the Council "dispose of," with prudent reticence, as "simply untrue;" adding, in raillery, perhaps, that this "must be known to every member of the society." The members, we fancy, will find it hard to explain how it happens that a new gallery railing is this moment in the place of the old one, if the latter was not condemned, as it has been, to the furnace. The Report adds (though thinking it "needless"), that it is not the fact that "the new one is no sooner up than it is found heavier than the old one, and is in its turn condemned." As this statement has been termed by an independent authority, in a published letter, "a serious misstatement," it is only fair to the distinguished architect retained for the Society—whose merits we regret to find, from the Proceedings of the Society, are not as fully appreciated by the Department of Science and Art as we should expect—to state that this work has not been technically "condemned." Grave doubts arose, however, concerning the stability of the gallery, for on the 21st of November "the attention of the Library Committee was referred to the apparent insufficiency of the support for the gallery in the Library;" and in consequence the estimable architect himself, being requested, drew up the following report:—

"I think the gallery perfectly safe, to answer the purpose for which it was originally constructed, namely, supporting the cases filled with books against the walls, and for the access to them of the porters and others. The additional weight of the new railing lately put up, being spread over so long a length is trifling, and has not impaired its stability, but, on the contrary, from its construction has rather the effect of strengthening it. I do not think it would be safe to allow the gallery to be crowded with people; it would be one of the severest tests that could be applied to it, and for which it was never intended, and consequently no provision made to meet such an emergency."

Comment on the foregoing is unnecessary.

The soft impeachment that the members looked after their personal comforts by ordering expensive and luxurious carpeting for—not the reading-room open to the public, but for the members' private reading (or club) room, with chairs at £7s. 10s. each, is entirely true. The librarian himself, in a printed letter, dated 21st of February, 1861, thus remarked upon this room:—"I found it without a single book-shelf, but otherwise furnished as luxuriously as the saloon of a great club-house." Since then a hundred and fifty pounds worth of handsome bookshelves have been ordered, the "saloon" carpet has been supplemented, but not supplanted, by another of the first quality, and six "easy" chairs were ordered, although eventually the number was reduced to four, at a cost of £7. 10s. each. These chairs are not "ordinary library chairs," as the Report asserts, unless in a double sense of being "ordinary" or eating-house as well as library chairs. The "ordinary library chairs" supplied to the public reading-room are very different, being scarcely value for £1 a-piece. We made, however, one error which we now correct. We said that there were 1,600 members of the Royal Dublin Society, and we over estimated considerably the number of the amiable individuals who form that corporation. The members are not 1,150 in number, and consequently, by giving £100

annually to the library funds, they pay twenty pence and not fifteen, for this privilege of borrowing books. We may notice that the Society has decreased in popular estimation since 1858, when the librarian thus plaintively described his labours: "I have moreover to keep a circulating library for such of the 1,200 gentlemen, members of the society, and their families, as please to borrow books." This privilege of borrowing, be it remarked, is retained, despite the recommendations of two select Committees of the House of Commons. And, moreover, the members enjoy the exclusive use of the periodicals and books when first they are added to the library.

Our assertion that the subscriptions of the members are applied almost solely to agriculture and newspapers has been surpassed by that of a Dublin newspaper, which states that "Government pays for everything except the agricultural shows, the school of Art, and some other trifling matters. The library is wholly supported by Government money. Government pays for the Botanical Gardens. The members cannot call even the museum their own. The rent, the officers, the servants—all are paid out of the funds voted by Parliament."

The Council designate their outlay on newspapers "as one of the most useful expenditures of the Society's private funds;" but they omit to state that a Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended the exclusion of such publications, "whether procured by *special private subscription*, or paid for out of the general funds of the Society." Newspapers, &c., are not, in the opinion of the Select Committee, "a legitimate inducement to join a Society maintained by Parliament not for the accommodation of its members, but for great and useful national purposes." The Committee think "that the admission of newspapers has a tendency to lower the character of the Society," and "to make it degenerate into a second-rate club." The Report contains half a page of mystification about the election of a servant. But the broad fact remains admitted that two dozen candidates presented themselves in reply to an advertisement, and were told "that there was then no vacancy." It matters little whether the advertisement was for a "gate-porter," a Sampson in livery, or for a less masculine official. The advertisement was ordered by the Council for a "gate-porter"—why it was altered has not been explained, though the interesting fact of the family residence of Mr. Lambert, the model servant, being "in the county of Waterford" was duly chronicled. Would the Council, which can condescend to such particulars, enlighten us as to what is "the Society's rule of promotion"?

The Council, who are responsible for this Report, as a proof of their desire to encourage public comment on their proceedings, and show that they have no antiquated ideas of "unworthy or dishonest secrecy," administer a reproof to one of the members of the Society, whom they suppose to have acted indiscreetly. We would remind the Society that it has no private rights whatever, and no private property which its members are bound to look on as a sacred trust. In 1836 the claims made by the Society "that it is a private society, and only in part supported by public money," were declared inadmissible; and the public grant was stopped until "it was fully and unequivocally admitted that the property of the Society was held for the public use of the Institution only." Of this fact the Society was significantly reminded by its paymaster so recently as the year 1861. It is, therefore, simple nonsense to imagine that those who take part in the management of the Society are bound to secrecy and silence in regard to their proceedings. Attempts to make the Royal Dublin Society a private club-house, at the expense of the nation, will probably lead, if persisted in, to a withdrawal of the Government grants altogether. The Society, which already partakes too much of the nature of a farmer's club, with a smattering of the Fine Arts, ought to avoid imperiling its grant of £6,000 per annum which it receives from Parliament.

THE LITERATURE OF THE PROCESSION.

By the literature of the recent Reform Demonstration we do not mean the mottoes and sentences emblazoned on the flags borne in the procession. Some were fair enough, others were absurd. Some, too, were historical. Whether from the weight of the sentiment, or some other cause, we noticed that it required four men and a boy to carry the flag on which a Cromwellian sentence was blazoned. As a rule, however, the mottoes were sensible enough, and would favourably contrast with those of the Peerage. But the literature which we mean is that of our "own Correspondent." On Tuesday last he broke out with more than usual violence, especially in the *Times* and the *Globe*. The *Times* considered the occasion of such importance that it actually

employed no less than two special correspondents, one, we suppose, to perambulate the streets, and the other apparently to gaze out of a club window. One gives us the exoteric and the other the esoteric view of the procession. Our friend of the club window, however, must not be confounded with the ordinary special correspondent, still less with the conventional penny-a-liner who reports the street accidents and fires. As Wordsworth would say, that's not his "trade." Only on great occasions does he favour us with his criticism. Whether this philosopher lives in a club window, as Diogenes did in his tub, we cannot tell, but the last time he favoured us with his observations, he was posted in "my club-house window." Then it was, if we rightly remember, that this great philosopher fell foul of the poor because they were poorly dressed, and condemned the farriers' horses, because they were not two hundred guinea chargers. This time, however, he breaks forth into another charge, and wants to know what right people have to wear scarves, ribbons, rosettes, and that sort of thing, you know. And says in his opinion it's all vanity and humbug, you know. After careful consideration we are afraid that the vanity and the humbug really belong to the *Times'* correspondent. We are much afraid that this great man is after all a sad impostor. It is quite true that he gives himself aristocratic airs. He is ironically severe because the Reformers only mustered from fifteen to eighteen thousand, but we may be sure that he would have been still more so had the numbers been greater. He is evidently a difficult man to please. True, too, he writes in a much finer style than the usual "special correspondent." He brings in carnivals and crucifixes, and talks about Madonnas familiarly, to show that he has travelled. Not only does he do this, but he introduces a whole sentence of French all correct. Our wonder, however, ceases when we discover that it is only a hackneyed quotation from Froissart. And as we proceed to read his account, our wonder gradually turns into suspicion. Can it be our old friend Jeames who has obtained a situation at the Carlton? And as we read on, suspicion deepens into certainty. Plush will out. Jeames's style cannot be hid. This is why he is so angry with the members of the Reform League for wearing scarves and rosettes. Only Jeames and the aristocracy are allowed to adorn their manly persons. This explains, too, what he means when he describes the "Reform magnates, whose carriages stopped the way before our doors." By the plural, Jeames evidently means the front door and the back door. With that kindliness of feeling, too, which has ever characterized Jeames's behaviour, to what he would call the fair sex, he notices "that the very housemaids in the attics"—not bow-window where Jeames is—"only peeped out from time to time, and fell back, worn out by the sameness of the unmeaning and unattractive display," and regretfully notices "that the Lord Mayor's show is hardly an attraction to nursemaids fresh from the country." The knowledge of female servant nature, both of London housemaids and nursemaids "fresh from the country," can only be Jeames's. But if further proof were wanting as to Jeames's authorship, it might be found in his account of the procession. "Conveyances," he tells us, "of every description, Rawlings's soda-water, Slater's fresh-butchered carcasses, and even a mourning-coach, fell into the line." This is thoroughly a Jeamesian sentence. The style is the man. The touch of "Rawlings's soda-water," and the mention of Slater, show how Jeames's mind, even in the midst of his political anxiety, still turned upon his daily duties. The mention, too, of the mourning-coach is interesting, as proving that Jeames, in his old age, is becoming "serious." We have only one more comment to make upon Jeames's last production. After telling us, in his own picturesque style, what he has done and seen abroad, about "crushed roses," and the "deeper blue of the early summer sky," he reflectively adds, "All this came back to my mind as I looked on the Reform procession from my club-house window." Really Jeames should not talk about his "mind," after telling us that "Rawlings's soda-water and Slater's fresh-butchered carcasses fell into the line." Jeames, whilst becoming "serious," has also become idiotic.

After Jeames, all other correspondents, whether of the *Times* or other papers, are commonplace. Generally speaking your special correspondent out-Robins Robins. He would make a comic catalogue of the ships of Homer. But even the *Daily Telegraph* is dull when compared to Jeames. There are no Madonnas, nor crucifixes, nor scraps of French, such as Jeames throws to us. The *Telegraph* has thrown away an opportunity of being foolish and ungrammatical. Only once or twice—and we know our contemporary will take this as an insult—does he approach being absurd. Once indeed he tells us, "One or two bright strips of colour began to detach from the dark back-

ground." By this we take him to mean "scarves," which are so objectionable to Jeames. When Shakespeare looked down the Dover Cliff he describes the choughs no bigger than beetles; but when the correspondent of the *Telegraph* looks up to the top of the Langham Hotel, he describes the chambermaids no bigger in "size than Liliputians." Here we think he rather beats Jeames's description of the housemaids in the attics. But in all other respects he falls far behind. In fact, had it not been for the *Globe*, Jeames would have had all the fine writing all his own way. Our contemporary was, however, equal to the occasion and to Jeames. It wisely did not intrust the task of describing the scene of the procession to a special correspondent, but to a real leading article writer. Here we find ourselves in the presence not only of a critic, but a poet. The former, however, so constantly loses himself in the latter, that his metaphors become rather confused. He has evidently studied Nature as well as art. He is both a judge of horsemanship and a connoisseur of sunshine. The latter last Monday seemed to have pleased him much better than the former. Generally in England we are more famous for our good riding than for our sunshine. But listen to the language of the critic:—"The troop of mounted farriers, sitting uneasily in unaccustomed saddles upon animals with vicious eyes, was really a ludicrous sight." On the other hand, the poet—for must carefully distinguish between the two—was evidently enraptured with Trafalgar-square, as he finely says, "flooded with sunshine," and tells us how "reluctantly" he left "the square of the great admiral." This is we think nearly as fine as Jeames about the continent in general. An ordinary special correspondent would, to a certainty, have called it by its penny-a-liner's name—"The finest site in Europe," but your original critic calls it by a name of his own. Like Jeames, too, our critic is hard to please. In his opinion, as we have seen, the troop of mounted farriers were ludicrous. Then, too, we find that the carriages were ludicrous, which must be the fault, we suppose, of the carriage-makers. The eyes of the horses, too, were "vicious." The "rough-looking men" in the carriages looked "uncomfortable." Finally, he tells us, that the inscriptions on the banners were childish. One of them we would however venture to recommend to the notice of our contemporary—"Be wise in time." But, as we have said, it is the poet whom we admire even more than the critic. The fragrance of Jeames' flowers of rhetoric are wasted in the Pall-mall air upon nurserymaids from the country, and housemaids up in attics. Not so with the poet of the *Globe*. He reserves his compliments for the ladies,—perhaps, only, for peeresses. Thus, this gallant man tells us, "The Reform Club blossomed with ladies," and then, shortly after, with a slight confusion of metaphor, when speaking of the House of Commons, informs us that "The birds in that cage, high up at one end, are ladies." To call ladies birds and blossoms in the same article shows indeed an Oriental wealth of metaphor, but, at the same time, we feel dubious whether the botanical or ornithological simile is the least appropriate. The poet, too, loves contrasts; and by this means he introduces us to the House of Commons. Here he deals with the principles of acoustics. Just as before he was all eye, admiring the sunshine, and seeing the "vicious eyes" of the horses, and the ludicrous appearance of the troopers and the carriages, so now he is all ear. But his hearing appears to be confined to what he is pleased to call Mr. Disraeli's "noble peroration," which may be more forcibly and yet more accurately described as "buncombe." The truth is he sees too much, and hears too little. Upon him and upon Jeames of the *Times* we must make the same commentary. Very probably there was much not in good taste in the procession, but there is a far greater want both of good taste and of decency in the writings of men who affect to be aristocratic without the manners of gentlemen, and learned without the humility of scholars.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., AND PRINCE ALFRED.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., is decidedly a greater man than Columbus. The latter only partially discovered the greatness of America, but Mr. Bennett has at once found the weak point of England. One was dubiously received by savages, the other welcomed by Princes of Royal blood. There is a story that the American Government once proposed to fit out an expedition for purposes of discovery in the Mediterranean. But Mr. Bennett, jun., has done more than his Government. He has explored the Solent and the Southampton Water, and discovered houses which have never been open to Englishmen, however deserving. Honours formerly used to be gained by saving

lives, but now they appear to be won by losing them. The great St. Bennet is famous for walking on the water to save a child's life, but Mr. J. G. Bennett's fame is mixed up with the drowning of six men. We have no wish to disparage the late American yacht race, but the lamentable loss of life on board the *Fleetwing* sadly dims the brightness of the achievement. Such a race, however, is in every way preferable to the steeple-chases and flat races, which are now the rage in England. Such a trial of skill must bring out some of the finest qualities in our nature. Yet do not let us make too much of the affair. The annual race between the tea-ships is, from every point of view, a much greater test of seamanship, and its results of far greater practical benefit. Yet we do not remember to have heard that the captain of the winning ship had ever been fêted by noblemen and princes. Nor must we, as a contemporary has well observed, be led away by the apparent smallness of the tonnage of the three American yachts. Two hundred tons by American tonnage amount to nearly three hundred by English measurement. Lastly, the yachts were specially fitted out for the voyage. It is well to turn back a page or two of history, and to remember the three poor ill-fitted tubs with which Columbus sailed from Palos, all three of them together, probably, not amounting to the tonnage of the *Henrietta*. Pluck has been shown a hundred times greater than Mr. Bennett's, but it has certainly never met with so handsome a recognition. However, our business just now is not with the race itself. We readily take for granted all that has been said about the sea-going qualities of the *Henrietta*, and believe that, like the "chocolat Menier," she "defies all honest competition." Our concern is with the wonderful correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Bennett and Prince Alfred. It reads more like the letters in some wild romance. In fact, a romance might be constructed out of them. The chapters, in fact, arrange themselves. Their headings would probably stand somewhat in this fashion. Chapter I. would be, "The *Henrietta* Laying-to in the Mid-Atlantic." Here the novelist would be able to paint the regular storm-scene, without which no novel is now perfect; and in the midst of it Mr. James Gordon Bennett calmly pacing the deck and resolving in his mind to make a present of his yacht to Prince Alfred, "in case he should win the ocean race." Chapter II. would, of course, be headed, "A Little Dinner at Lord Lennox's." Here would be an opportunity for the novelist to show his knowledge of aristocratic life. We do not remember to have read any novel in which a real live prince figures. Such an addition to the ordinary stock of characters would certainly make any author's fame and his publisher's fortune. Chapter III. would be headed, "Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., in his Study." And here the novelist would find the materials all ready to hand. For we are bound to say that no novelist could possibly hope to improve upon Mr. Bennett's style of letter-writing. There is only one fault we can discover—that it appears that Mr. Bennett, long before he had enjoyed the hospitality of which he speaks, had determined to make his yacht a present to Prince Alfred, yet wished also to make it an acknowledgment of that hospitality. This is certainly a happy way of bringing down two birds with one stone. Chapter IV. would, of course, be "Prince A—in his Study." Here, too, the novelist would find all the materials ready at hand. Next to dialogue, letter-writing is the most difficult part of a novel. We shall not, indeed, here say a word about the Prince's composition, for the critic is lost in the patriot. The concluding chapter and *dénouement* would be entitled, "Mr. James Gordon Bennett's Feelings." Over them, however, we shall draw a veil.

The whole affair is so pre-eminently ridiculous, that it simply deserves to be laughed at. Yet some of the traits of American character which peep out are so characteristic, that we think it worth while to notice them. The grounds upon which Mr. Bennett determined to make his yacht a present to Prince Alfred are nowhere stated, except, in the after-thought about hospitality. Prince Alfred seems to be in luck's way. The Greeks, or somebody, offered him not long ago a crown. There may have been some valid reason for this. But why Mr. Bennett should offer him a yacht seems inexplicable. Certainly people do strange things. A man not long ago left somewhere near a quarter of a million to the Queen. Persons, however, will put their own construction on the offer of a present, which could by no possibility be accepted. But the truly ridiculous part of the matter is the publication of the letters. They were actually, we believe, sent to America by electric telegraph. Not even the *Henrietta* herself could sail fast enough with so precious a freight. Nothing, we should say, but vanity could prompt their publication. Vanity, in our opinion, is at the beginning, middle, and end of the whole affair. If

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., liked to make a present of a white elephant to Prince Alfred, well and good, but why publish the Prince's refusal? Some people, indeed, would seem to think it an honour to be kicked by a nobleman. America may probably be able to "lick all creation," but it certainly lick-spittles every nobleman. The *Times*, indeed, makes a sort of apology for the publication of the letters, and declares that "the sentiments expressed in his Royal Highness's letter are of public interest, and tend to show the feeling of England towards the United States." How the publication of a correspondence in which an American yachtsman offers his vessel to an English prince, and is met by a decided but courteous refusal can tend to show the feeling of England towards the United States, we are indeed at a loss to comprehend. Nor, further, could anything which Prince Alfred might say in a letter of so peculiar a character be taken as an expression of English feeling for the welfare of the States. Nor are we aware that Prince Alfred has ever expressed any opinion either one way or another about America. Nor can we discover by the most careful analysis of his letter to Mr. Bennett the bent of his feelings. Beyond an ordinary commonplace or two the letter is absolutely colourless. The *Times* has certainly never been happy in its American news. That journal is the very last quarter to which we should look in the hope of discovering the feeling of England towards America. For the last five years it has certainly striven its best to sow the seeds of the most abiding hatred between the two nations. And, further, we may take the opportunity of remarking, that five years' persistent abuse by the *Times* of Americans and everything American will not be wiped out by any complimentary letters which may pass between Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., and Prince Alfred. Nations are not united by such means as these, but by mutual forbearance and mutual respect.

As for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., we wish to part with him on good terms. His vanity, after his late victory and the welcome with which he has been received on all sides in England, is, perhaps, pardonable. After all, he only shares the weakness with the rest of his countrymen. In this respect he is probably neither worse nor better than the average Yankee. For the future we shall hope to hear a great deal more about the successes of the *Henrietta*, and to read a great deal less of her owner's letters. And if the promised match between the *Henrietta* and the *Viking* should come off next August, we can only trust that the best yacht may win.

THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF LIBEL.

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN has brought in a Bill to amend the law of libel, and thereby to secure more effectually the liberty of the press. His attempt is certainly laudable, and will be received with gratitude. As if to prepare the way for the enthusiastic reception of the Bill, one of our contemporaries has sent round a circular calling for similar, if not wider, enactments. We are—if we accept the guidance of our contemporary—to demand that we may be privileged in reporting and privileged in our comments. All *bona-fide* reports of speeches publicly delivered are to be considered as not defamatory. All articles published in pursuance of a public, social, or moral duty, are to be privileged in the absence of proof of malice or ill-will. Sir Colman O'Loghlen's Bill adopts the first of these suggestions in a qualified form. By the first section, no proprietor of a newspaper is to be liable to an action for a faithful report of a speech at a public meeting, unless he decline to publish, if required, an explanation or contradiction of the statements complained of. But then all speakers at public meetings are made as responsible for their words as if those words had been written and published. This subversion of the old distinctions between libel and slander might seem almost sufficient for one short Act. Sir Colman does not proceed with our contemporary to throw on the complainant the *onus* of proving malice as well as the *onus* of proving damage, but he brings in by a side-wind another innovation in the law which the Committee on Master and Servant shrank from recommending. He would allow the defendant, on the trial of an indictment for libel, to offer himself as a witness. He would also enable the defendant to dispense with the present safeguards of pleading, and to come into Court without stating what defence he can offer; for this—whether it be intentional or not—is the effect of the 9th and 10th sections. By permitting the defendant to justify a libel in a short plea that "the said alleged libel is true in substance and matter of fact," and giving the plaintiff power to exact a bill of particulars, Sir Colman lays himself open to the censure which is pointedly

conveyed in Mr. Bullen's valuable "Precedents of Pleading." "This is contrary," Mr. Bullen wrote some years ago, "to the essential objects of pleading, namely, that the other side should be informed of what facts are to be tried, and that the Court should be able to judge whether the facts relied on are, if true, sufficient in law. The former object may no doubt be attained by the delivery of particulars, but there is no sufficient reason why the proper office of pleading should be superseded by this more complicated and expensive substitute. In practice, too, it is a matter of frequent experience that imputations are sought to be justified in a general form which no one could attempt to justify specifically; and thus the test which pleading affords even to the pleader himself of the validity of a defence is lost. The other object, that of enabling the Court to judge of the sufficiency in law of the justification, is unavoidably sacrificed by a general plea; the plaintiff is in effect precluded from obtaining the opinion of the Court (and of a Court of Error) on the question whether the facts justify the imputation, and the matter has to be left in the hands of the jury in cases most peculiarly open to feeling and prejudice. And after all, there remains no record of the distinct determination of any particular facts which can be afterwards binding on the parties." The same has been said even more forcibly by some of the judges.

We do not, however, at this moment desire to enter into the strictly legal bearings of the question. We are content to examine the law of libel from the point of view natural to ourselves as journalists, and to start from the admission that our dearest interests are at stake. Is it true that the press is insufficiently protected? Ought the press to have privileges which would not be awarded to private persons? Is legal precedent inadequate to support the freedom of the press, and must it be propped up by statute law? The circular which has been sent us answers these questions in the affirmative. Sir Colman O'Loghlen's Bill expresses the same sentiments in its preamble. And if that view is correct, the present is the fittest time for giving it utterance, for only last week three actions for libel were decided at Westminster, and the *Times* was cast in damages while the *Athenæum* was fortunate enough to escape. Yet, with all this, we venture to differ from Sir Colman and from our contemporary. We think that the old law of libel was too severe upon us, and that the original intentions of the Legislature were unfavourable to free printing. Even now we think that the law is sometimes wrested, and sometimes misinterpreted. Precedents which are on the side of liberty are now and then overlooked. Malice is too lightly imputed. Juries look at the injury done to a man by a newspaper attack, and do not regard the duties and responsibilities of the newspaper. But these dangers would not be averted by the very clearest statute. We can assure our contemporary that it is much easier to wrest the words of a statute than to wrest a precedent, and that lawyers are unwilling to rely with much confidence upon a statute which has not been made the subject of a judicial decision. What we want is not to be free from responsibility, but to have our responsibility defined. If it is for the interest of the public that we should not be vexed by frivolous prosecutions, we may surely intrust our defence to the courts which guard those public interests. But it is not for the interest of the public that the press should be free from all moral restraint, and should circulate everything that may be spoken in public, or comment recklessly on every word or action. It sounds fair enough to say that if a statement is made at a public meeting the speaker should take the consequences. If Mr. Bright had resented the charges made against him, it would surely be more fitting for Mr. Garth to be indicted than for Mr. Garth to hold a brief for Mr. Danby Seymour. But what is a public meeting? And where are we to draw the line between the responsibility of the speaker and that of the reporter? If a man makes a speech which is not slanderous and a newspaper chooses to report it, he would have a right to complain that the publication of his speech by a stranger has subjected him to the penalties of a libel. As the law now stands, a newspaper takes care not to report defamatory speeches unless they are made by a public man. But once shift the burden of responsibility, and men of straw will attain to the dignity of public speakers and libellers with impunity. Guardians that accuse archbishops of diffusing garbage will fasten on others whose character is not so firmly established, and who cannot sit down calmly under such imputations. The law of slander will become more intolerable than the law of libel, and men will have to give an account of each idle word.

In one respect, indeed, everybody must admit that the press has a right to the same privilege as Parliament. And that is where Parliament has its privileges and exercises them openly.

Where a speaker is privileged to speak, and cannot be held legally answerable for his words, even if they are slanderous, it is unjust that the newspapers which report him should be made legally answerable for his words if they are libellous. But then a member of Parliament has other checks upon him, and if those checks are sufficient to keep him from a reckless use of his advantages, from the prostitution of his public character, they ought to suffice for those who merely record his discharge of his public duties, and enable his constituents to judge of his fidelity. In other respects the late actions for libel are rather encouraging. The verdict against the *Times* may be impeached on legal grounds, for the action turned on a police report, and it is thoroughly established that police reports, if impartial and correct, are privileged. Lord Campbell, in commenting on a case in which it was held that a report of preliminary proceedings before a magistrate was unlawful if the accused was committed, expressly stated that a report would be allowable if the accused was "neither committed nor held to bail, but absolved by the magistrate." This seems exactly to hit the present case, and had the damages given been larger, the legal question might fairly be reopened. In the action against the *Athenæum*, law and logic were not at variance. That action was brought by a Dr. Strauss, the author of a novel called "The Old Ledger." He complained that the *Athenæum* had stopped the sale of his novel by accusing it of vulgarity, profanity, and indelicacy; had injured him as a translator by an attack on his bad French, bad German, bad Latin, and bad English; and had brought him into disrepute by charging him with inability to pay the costs of a former action. The evidence at the trial showed that Dr. Strauss had received £75 for the first edition of his novel. He admitted that since the second attack upon him in the *Athenæum*, he had been sent out as special correspondent by a daily newspaper. It appeared that a subscription had been got up among his friends and the enemies of the *Athenæum* (who were probably blind to the penalties attaching in law to the offence of maintenance) to defray the cost of the first trial. And "The Old Ledger" being put in by the defence was shown to contain passages "about which there could be no mistake," said the Lord Chief Justice, "and some of which were liable to the charge of indelicacy, some to that of profanity, and very many to that of the grossest vulgarity." There could be little doubt of the result of such a case, especially when the counsel for the plaintiff refused to put the book in, and implored the jury not to censure it unread. However, Dr. Strauss had the satisfaction of seeing the judgment of the *Athenæum* confirmed by a special jury and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. He was able to show that he had received more for his first novel than Mrs. Henry Wood received for "East Lynne," and that the success of "The Old Ledger" was arrested by a similar charge to that which stopped the sale of "Esmond." His counsel had the grand opportunity of vindicating the rights of indecency, of citing "Tom Jones" and "Gil Blas" as examples of great works which might be considered licentious, and of resuscitating Shelley and Keats as warnings against reviewers. We can understand the objection of economists to the elaborate and expensive machinery of law being set in motion for such results. But so long as the law is open, and there are deputies, men must be at liberty to implead one another. If we were to put out of Court all those who have not a leg to stand upon, lawyers would forego half their business, and the public would forfeit much of its amusement. It might, of course, be possible to simplify the procedure. Where a legal question is involved, there is no need of going before a jury. But it is impossible to keep men from going to law even when they know they can take nothing by their motion, or from appealing to "twelve Middlesex special jurymen," whose finding may afterwards be arraigned in a ponderous pamphlet.

MR. WASON'S FOLLY.

WHEN, some years ago, a poet who had survived many poets was charged with writing an infamous libel, there was a universal sentiment of pity for the man of genius who had thus brought disgrace on himself at the close of a respected career. Mr. Wason is not a poet—at least, we have never heard of him in that capacity; but he appears to possess the imaginative faculty to some degree, and he exhibits, more or less, those symptoms which Dryden tells us are only divided from wit by a thin partition. After a lapse of thirty years, he rakes up a slander against a political opponent, putting it forward with a determined malignity which at first sight would seem to proceed from the sense of a supreme injury. Now, it is not easy to fathom the nature of a disposition like Mr. Wason's. There

are heads which puzzle the most practised phrenologists; there are deeds which occasionally startle from their abnormal ugliness, and we are unable to measure them by a common standard. Mr. Wason has attained notoriety, if that was all he wanted; but he has made an exhibition of himself in getting upon the pedestal. It may be that this last act of his may be perfectly consistent with that portion of his career which lies at present in obscurity, and that, during the interval which has elapsed since he refused to substantiate his slanders, he has been feeding his grudge in the comparative privacy of the club-room, and obtruding his malevolence wherever he could find a listener. If such be the case, and it is not improbable, Chief Baron Kelly owes a deep debt of gratitude to Earl Russell. The half-told tale is always more mischievous than the entire tattle. Mr. Wason, we suspect, could not afford to treat his friends to the whole truth. He did not tell them that when beaten in an election, now almost out of the memory of a generation, he gave his opponent the lie, and then swore a criminal information against the gentleman whom he provoked into forgetting for a moment that the best way to deal with Mr. Wason was not to touch him. Mr. Wason survives to expose Mr. Wason. That is the only thing he does for himself, and he does it with a vengeance. Having failed to expend his virulence through the Queen's Bench, he takes advantage of a constitutional privilege which surely was never before distorted to so detestable a use. But he has been hoist with his own petard. A goose will hatch an addled egg quite unconscious of its worthlessness, and the fool who is unaware of his folly must rank as among the first of his order. We shall place one charitable construction upon the act of Mr. Wason. He might have believed in the legend over which he had brooded so intensely. He might have told it so often, that it eventually assumed a monomaniacal embodiment. Some savants hold that impressions may be conveyed from the brain to the retina by the optic nerve, and that the things seen in the mind's eye may in delirium appear upon the mirror of the eye itself. Mr. Wason can only palliate his offence by pleading after some such fashion, but instead of attempting this, he aggravates it by rushing into print, when he has been received with ignominy elsewhere. In his letter he fully establishes the opinion we have not hesitated to express upon him. He attacks Lord Chelmsford, and puts a blank in place of the epithet which he is afraid to pen. He threatens to publish a pamphlet, which he confesses to have had in his sleeve until the moment was ripe for it. He could not select a better opportunity for exhausting his round of performances. He has raised expectation, and he has put animosity out of the question by substituting contempt. He came in a questionable shape, but he remains in a perfectly unequivocal position. That position has, to sum it up, been attained by a display of impotent rancour, of spite, and of envy, set off with just half the courage of Bob Acres. It is with some regret we write thus of Mr. Wason, as we find his name among the Liberal candidates who stood for Ipswich in 1832; but however strong our regard may be for the principles which actuate the Liberal party, we cannot allow them to interfere with the duty of holding up an act of this kind to contempt. We do not, however, see that Earl Russell could avoid the unpleasant office which was thrust upon him. It is far preferable that an open exposure should take place, and the wretched libel be blown to the winds, than that it should be permitted to fester under the care of Mr. Wason. The purity and honour of our judges should be above suspicion, and grievance-mongers or libel-mongers, inventing scandal about them, should be rather encouraged to speak than encouraged to whisper. Then it is impossible to forecast when a substantial complaint might not be brought before Parliament; and it would not be well to close a national avenue to justice because an egregious interloper had been expelled from the premises. If Mr. Wason's friends possess the slightest consideration for him, they will remove writing materials out of his way for the next six months; and if Mr. Wason has any consideration for himself, he should retire into that congenial obscurity from which his absence must be regarded as in one respect a disaster, but in another as a serviceable example.

"RUSSIAN SCANDAL."

THE title of this paper implies that we have a budget of news from the Court of St. Petersburg. It suggests Siberia. The well-known Duke — is already *en route*, and the lovely Princess — is also consigned to those inhospitable regions. Or else it has a smack of the knout about it; as if we were going to tell the story of titled ladies who were "sent for" to

inexorable *bureaux*, and who, standing there on a moveable board like the coal-cellar plates of our streets, suddenly descended "a certain distance," and underwent a severe private swishing in the room below; a punishment of extreme delicacy, as the executioners would be unable to identify the half-bodies lowered for correction. Nothing of the kind. This paper is going to be a dull moral essay, and the taking title is merely put there *ad captandum*; just as one of the London tea companies puts forth a startling advertisement, "What are the wild waves saying," and when we greedily look for the answer to that extremely difficult question, which even Florence Dombey in the song answers very unsatisfactorily, we find that all that has to be said is that the *John Chinaman*, A 1 for thirteen years, has arrived with a few million chests of the spring pickings on board, and that the Wiry Family Congou is three halfpence a pound cheaper to direct consumers.

The few words we have to say are about the morality of anecdote-telling, and that we may not sink quite so low as a tea company, we will first explain that there is a thread of connection between our advertisement and our discourse. "Russian Scandal" is the name of a winter evening game, combining, as children's books say, "instruction with amusement." The instructive part of it is the convincing test it affords of this morality to which we have alluded. The game does not want clever people to play at it, for attempts at ingenuity spoil the solid result. It is played as follows. Somebody writes down on paper a very short account of something that has or that is supposed to have taken place. The paper is folded up and put aside. The writer then leaves the room, taking with him one of the party. When the scribe is a young gentleman it frequently happens that the one selected to go out is a young lady; but this has nothing to do with the "Russian Scandal." That we may not seem either to approve or to discourage this tendency, we shall call the writer A., and the person who left the room with him B. A. tells B., to the best of his belief, the story just as he wrote it down, then he comes in again leaving B. outside. Some one else called, C. then goes out, and B. gives her (or his) version of the story to C., leaving C. behind. D. then hears C.'s version, and, in like manner passes it on to E., till, perhaps, a dozen or more have been alternately auditors and informants. The last recipient comes back, and once more writes down the story after it has percolated through these various strata of confusion, forgetfulness, imagination, flurry, stupidity, and other every-day virtues. Then the original document is opened, and the two papers read aloud to a breathless audience as identical accounts of the same occurrence.

It is not difficult to imagine the result. Not only is the story distorted, but it is frequently thrown altogether into a different shape, the relation between the characters is altogether altered, the real original point is often lost, and a new point and centre for the story introduced. Now the real interest in the analysis of this is, that it represents, as far as such a conscious effort can represent it, the natural changes which a plain story can undergo in the mere process of transmission. No personal feelings come in to colour it, no malice, no favouritism. Everybody is trying his best to recollect the circumstances, and hand them on ungarbled. More than this, there is hardly time for forgetfulness; scarcely a minute elapses between the hearing and the telling of a plain narrative, so that there seems to be a combination of peculiarly favourable circumstances for reproducing the whole in its integrity. Yet after all these advantages the last descendant of our original story generally bears but a very faint family resemblance to its remote ancestor. Not the least interesting point in the examination is the way in which the point of the story shifts. We know that there are many persons who never see the real point of anything that they are told, and our "Russian Scandal" brings out that truth very clearly. Some little by-fact, which is wholly unessential to the action, is snapped up by them as if it was the leading circumstance. In their version this trivial incident assumes undue importance and is overstated, and in this condition it is transferred to the next hearer, and probably becomes at once registered in that shape. The result of this is, that as no short story can have two distinct points, the original one dwindles and fades in exact proportion as the other is forced into the foreground. And thus the metamorphose becomes complete. Here we have a real practical illustration of the value of hearsay, even when a strict morality of conscientiousness guides the progress of the story, a morality all the more strict because there are no particular motives for transgressing it. It seems to be a flat denial of the trustworthiness of oral tradition unless checked and tested in various ways. About the generality of stories bandied from one to the other by interested parties, who interpret the plainest facts by a code of

their own and reproduce them in a corresponding form—of all that we have nothing to say here. It belongs to quite a different subject.

But upon the morality of anecdote-telling, as a question of casuistry, we may make one or two suggestions. Nothing is more delicious than to know the groundwork of a story, and to watch the license which different people allow themselves in narrating it. The easy morality of narration first of all is supposed to give permission to dramatize. An isolated *bon mot*, a laughable circumstance in which the actors are unknown and nameless, is likely either to fall flat or to be discredited. To give a false look of truth the repartee is promptly fathered upon some well-known personage not wholly incongruous, and the comic circumstance is connected with familiar scenes. It is wonderful how this enhances the reality of the story. Some persons have a general and loose way of doing this, and use some well-known character, as, for example, the Duke of Wellington, if they want to go a generation back, or Mr. Disraeli, if it is to be strictly modern. Others are content with family generalities—"I don't know if I ever told you what happened once to an uncle of mine." "The very same thing occurred to a very 'cute fellow I know up in the north of England." Vague, the uncle is; vague, the 'cute fellow; vague, the north of England; and yet the story really seems much more natural by the use of these personal and geographical landmarks. It is better than the list of dull Greek stories in our grammar, all beginning with *σχολαστικὸς τις*, "a certain fool." There was nothing to identify the fool, and we did not care about his folly.

Easy morality has also the tendency to make anecdotes travel steadily out of the past into the present. Our interest in the present is infinitely more vivid, and the story-teller knows it, or let us say, for his sake, that he feels it, and with unconscious poetry he acts upon it; just as the old classic writers wrote a present tense to make the action more sprightly where the grammar of the sentence seems to expect the past. At any rate we notice time-honoured stories boiled down again and again, like *Æetes* in the cauldron, and turning up once more with all the freshness of immortal youth. Nowhere is this habit more amusingly visible than in University life. For most men four years makes a generation there, so that one who has resided any time in the precincts of Alma Mater becomes in this sense a very Nestor, whose boast was that he had lived through three generations of men. Old residents may hear every day the same stories in which they delighted in their Freshman term, reproduced with a totally different *mise-en-scène*. Famous mistakes and brilliant answers at the public examinations of twenty years ago still pass from mouth to mouth as having only occurred yesterday, and the perpetrator is confidently pointed out among existing undergraduates. Old stock-stories of college tutors and vice-chancellors and proctors are served up with unceasing relish, and are assigned to some fresh personage as the original passes away. One great maxim then would seem to be—Identify your anecdote with known names and circumstances.

Another very favourite liberty which the story-teller commonly takes is gradually to work up to the first person singular. If you will narrate the events before Troy, it adds immeasurably to the interest to be able to say, "Quorum pars magna fui." And so we shall find very often that a story travels steadily in this direction. "A man told me that a friend of his once shot a sparrow with his bow and arrow."—"I once shot a sparrow with my bow and arrow." Here we have the two extremes: the original vague account, the entertaining fact corroborated by the teller's personal experiences. The intermediate stages may be innumerable: the "man" and his "friend" probably do not die at once, but peak and pine for want of notice till they soon fade out of the story altogether, and the first personal pronoun, the philosophic *Ich*, finding the frame of the story empty and garnished, enters in and dwells there. And not the least remarkable thing is that this process of negligent morality is often unconscious. From repetition of the story, the narrator becomes such a familiar friend of the persons and scenes that it describes, that he becomes assured at any rate of his own presence among them, and by-and-by, by an easy transition, he becomes the prime actor in the whole affair.

Now there are some persons in the world who treat such casuistry with horrible roughness, and who have no mercy for conventionalism and human weaknesses. They can't accept the anecdote as something surrounded by its own characteristic phenomena. They criticise it, they analyze it, nay, they actually challenge the narrator on the coarse ground of its being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And very properly he resents the intrusion. He has had all the trouble

of living down the sternness of fact; he has fully persuaded himself of the veracity of his new version, adapted to the comprehension of dinner-tables, and tipped with some sparkling allusion to affairs of the day; and is he to be silenced by the mere pedantry of "that story is told in Jesse's 'George III.:' you'll find that the personage really concerned in it was Lord North." This is distinctly disagreeable if you have been relating it as having happened to your uncle, and still more embarrassing if you have said that it occurred to yourself. It is an unseemly interruption. If the morality of anecdote-telling is ever to be called in question, let us have a professor to devote his attention to it as a special branch of Casuistry. We recommend it for a subject of lectures to Cambridge dons and undergraduates from Mr. Maurice's chair.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FOR some weeks past, all France has been looking forward with impatience to the speech of the Emperor at the opening of the Chambers, and a belief has prevailed that some important additions to the reforms of January 19th would be announced. The address delivered by his Majesty on Thursday will probably disappoint the more sanguine of these politicians, though there is really nothing in it unfavourable to the gradual extension of Liberal principles in France. Something extraordinary—something startling and dramatic—was, however, expected, and, as there is no such element in the speech, a sense of vexation will probably be experienced by many. No new reforms are promulgated, but the general tone is hopeful, and perhaps all that any one had a right to anticipate. Feeling assured of the present, and trusting in the future, the Emperor says that he thought the time had arrived for a further development of Imperial ideas. The task which now lies before the Legislature, his Majesty remarks, is "to form the public manners to the practice of more liberal institutions." He does not fail, however, to point out that this task has been attempted more than once before, and has failed. "Hitherto, in France, liberty has only been ephemeral." The sentence is but too true, and it cannot be denied that this, as the Emperor proceeds to say, has been "because abuse has immediately followed use," and the choice has lain between anarchy and a strongly centralized power. In the opinion of Napoleon III., there is no longer any danger of the old error being repeated. Power has been firmly based, and violent passions will be "extinguished in the immensity of universal suffrage." It is certainly well worth while trying whether a government cannot exist in a European country which shall be at once strong and democratic, devoted alike to equality and freedom, progressive, but not hasty, and thus advancing through many orderly gradations to the complete emancipation of the people from feudal tutelage and military repression. That is the task which Continental Europe has to perform, and, if the French Emperor is sincere, and the French people are wise, they may set an example which other nations, less fortunately circumstanced for such an experiment, may be glad to follow. In one other respect the Emperor is unquestionably right. The recent events in Italy and Germany have shown that Napoleon I. saw clearly when he said that the tendency of Europe was towards the agglomeration and concentration of nationalities which have been scattered by revolutions or by policy. This consideration has induced the present ruler of France to view without disquiet or disapproval the events of last summer. How far the statement is entirely sincere we will not stop to inquire; but it may be conceded that a real regard for the principle of nationalities had something to do with the Imperial policy of June and July, though doubtless it was not the only motive. The Emperor glances lightly over the events of the war, and only utters matter of importance in connection with the Roman Government. "Left to itself," he says, "it maintains itself by its proper strength, by the veneration which is felt by all towards the Head of the Catholic Church, and the surveillance loyally exercised upon his frontiers by the Italian Government. But, if some demagogic conspirators should audaciously seek to threaten the temporal power of the Holy See, Europe, I do not doubt, would not permit the accomplishment of an event which would cause such great perturbation in the Catholic world." This is not very hopeful from the Italian point of view; yet words are always amenable to the pressure of events. The references to the Mexican question, to the troubles in the East, and to the reorganization of the French army, are simply such as might have been expected; and the Speech, on the whole, though not astounding, is sufficiently satisfactory,

and contains suggestions of a policy for the future capable of giving tranquillity and enlarged freedom to the people of France.

AN autograph letter addressed by the Count de Chambord to General de St. Priest, and said to be now in circulation in France, seems to have thrown the Government of the Emperor into a state of terror that would be ridiculous if it took a less serious mode of manifesting itself. The Count's letter is just one of those productions which, if left to themselves, are lost in the indifference of the people, but which, under the careful nursing of timid officials, obtain an importance far greater than that to which their merits entitle them. The Director-General of the Post Office has addressed a circular to the French Postmasters, requiring them to keep the strictest watch upon all the correspondence which reaches their offices, whether it be dropped into their letter-boxes, or received from other post offices. The Count de Chambord's letter is to be sought for everywhere. The Postmasters are to see that it is not introduced into correspondence, or inserted in other publications, and they are to treat letters inclosed in envelopes just in the same way as they would publications transmitted under bands. The inviolability of letters is to be sacrificed, and the private affairs and business matters of Frenchmen are to be at the mercy of any post-office clerk who chooses to exercise his privileges, and all because the Count de Chambord thought fit to write to General de St. Priest.

THE official correspondence on the subject of the Cretan insurrection conveys too great an impression of a disposition on the part of the British Government to patronize and lecture the Ottoman Porte, and to snub and reprove the Government of Greece. It also shows an itching desire—cautiously manifested, yet unmistakable—on the part of Russia, to interfere once more in the Eastern question. In September and October, Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, called on Lord Stanley with special reference to the posture of affairs in Candia, and hinted, not, indeed, that any intervention should then take place, which he thought would be premature, but that some kind of diplomatic interposition might hereafter become desirable, and that it should be the joint act of England, France, and Russia. The Foreign Secretary "pointed out to him that intervention, under the circumstances, could only mean intervention with a view of separating Candia from the Turkish Empire, and that in such case annexation to Greece was the inevitable consequence." This would lead to a general movement of the Christian population of Turkey, and to very serious complications. Lord Stanley therefore thought we should be cautious, "lest we should bring the whole Eastern question on our hands again." Baron Brunnow concurred in this view, and was very earnest in repudiating, on behalf of his Government, any idea of territorial advantage, or any desire but that of seeing Turkey placed in a position to maintain itself. Yet, through all these diplomatic reserves and civilities, it is evident that the position of the two Powers, Russia and England, has in no essential respect changed since the days preceding the outbreak of the Crimean war. The former still desires to be thought the patron of the Christians under Turkish rule; the latter continues to be the advocate of a Conservative policy in Eastern affairs, and of the preservation of the Ottoman Power in Europe. The account given by Mr. Erskine, our representative at Athens, of an interview he had with M. Tricoupi, the new Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the 30th ult., puts our policy in a very clear light. Mr. Erskine read to M. Tricoupi two despatches from Lord Stanley, "stating that, in the event of Greece involving herself in a war with Turkey, she must not expect to be relieved by the guaranteeing Powers from the consequences which might ensue." M. Tricoupi replied that what had occurred under the late Administration "might constitute a sufficient ground of quarrel on the part of the Porte," but that the present Government would endeavour to the utmost to prevent any outbreak in Thessaly and Epirus. With respect to Crete, however, he said that it was absolutely impossible to check the sympathy of the Greeks with the insurgents; that there was no law which prevented the enrolment of armed bodies of volunteers; and that the attempt to pass such a law (which Mr. Erskine somewhat peremptorily said should be done) would only precipitate a revolution. Throughout the interview, we find Mr. Erskine taking a very strong Turkish view of the case; and his language has been endorsed by Lord Stanley. The most satisfactory thing in the whole correspondence is Lord Stanley's suggestion that Crete should be ruled, under the Porte, by a Christian Governor, with a mixed Christian and Mussulman Council.

EGYPT, having got a Parliament, wishes to be practically independent of the Porte, which has none, and is not likely to have. The Viceroy has therefore demanded of the Sultan these four additional rights:—"1. The right of assuming the title of Caliph of Egypt. 2. Of coining money in his own name. 3. Of increasing the strength of the Egyptian army to 100,000 men. 4. Of appointing officers to the highest rank of Mushir." Turkey is not very likely at present to grant these demands; but, as Egypt is getting stronger, and the Government at Constantinople is more and more beset every day by difficulties and dangers, the time may come when the desires of the Viceroy will be fulfilled. It is easy to see that in that case the entire independence of Egypt must shortly follow.

M. DE LESSEPS, Lord Clarence Paget, and the Governor of Bombay have visited the Suez Canal, and it is reported that the waters of the Mediterranean, on the day of the visit (Monday), reached as far as Serapeum. A vessel from Siam, containing objects for the Paris Exhibition, is reported as having taken the Suez Canal route to the Mediterranean. This is an important fact—one of those circumstances which mark an epoch in the history of navigation. Robert Stephenson should be alive, to see himself confuted.

SEVERAL official despatches with reference to the seizure of the *Tornado* have been published by the Government. They show a good deal of difficulty and complication as to the facts of the case; much divergence on the part of the Spanish prize courts from the usual practice of prize courts in other civilized countries; and great unfairness in the treatment of the crew. Lord Stanley, in a despatch to Sir James Crampton at Madrid, dated the 8th inst., says:—"They have been arbitrarily detained, on one pretext or another, for many months; they have been subjected to hardships as unnecessary as they were cruel; they have been allowed but limited access to their national authority and protector on the spot; and the formal assurances long since given you by the Spanish Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who speaks internationally on behalf of his Government, and with whose assurances alone foreign nations can be expected to deal, that the men should be allowed to depart, have been hitherto unfulfilled." Lord Stanley was justified in writing in this way. The Spanish Government has delayed as long as it could to do the simple justice which England has now enforced.

FROM Vienna we learn that the negotiations for the installation of the new Hungarian Ministry still continue; but the information we possess on this subject is at present so slight and so contradictory that it is safer as yet to refrain from comment. The Prussian Parliament has been closed, with a speech from the King. South Germany is elaborating its new system of military organization; and North Germany is proceeding with the election of deputies to the Federal Parliament. The returns are for the most part favourable to the Liberal party, and the great majority of the Danish candidates in Northern Slesvig, including the town of Flensburg and the island of Als, have been elected.

A STARTLING piece of news is brought by the Atlantic Telegraph—viz., that the Reconstruction Committee at Washington has reported a Bill for dividing the ten excluded States into five military districts, administered by military Governments. If this be true, a very momentous step has been taken by the Republican party. The State Governments reorganized in the South after the collapse of the rebellion would thus be swept away, and the whole of the States forming the late Confederation would be reduced to the condition of territories, governed from Washington, and entirely deprived of independence. But, in the first place, the news may be incorrect, or exaggerated; in the second place, supposing such a Bill to have been really reported by the Reconstruction Committee, it would probably be rejected or modified by Congress. Still, it cannot be doubted that Congress is determined to effect a reconstruction of the South in accordance with its own ideas of what is right, and to supersede the present State Governments by others more in accordance with Northern views. This is certain to be opposed by Mr. Johnson, and a collision will then ensue, which may again bring forward with great prominence the project for impeaching the President. Just now, that project seems to have gone to sleep. It is even said that all thought of impeaching Mr. Johnson by the present

Congress has been abandoned. The next Congress, however—which meets on the 4th of March—will take up the prosecution vigorously, if we may believe the gossip current at Washington; and in the meanwhile people are debating whether the President can be suspended from office during the progress of the trial, which would of course spread over a great length of time. Some speak of General Grant being made President *pro tem.*; but it is reported that General Butler and other Radicals advise the impeachment of Grant too. It is difficult to say how it will all end.

MR. SEWARD has written an irritable and undignified letter to Mr. Lothrop Motley, the historian, and the representative of the United States at Vienna, informing him that he (Mr. Seward) has been informed by an American lately returned from Europe that Mr. Motley is in the habit of expressing his disgust of the President and his Administration, that he loudly proclaims an English gentleman as the model of human perfection, and that he regards Mr. Seward as "hopelessly degraded." Mr. Motley has denied the charges, and sent in his resignation. The best of the dispute certainly lies with him.

IN his speech on the Reform question, Mr. Disraeli alluded to Mr. Goldwin Smith as "the wild man" and a "rampant orator." Critics have remarked that Aristophanes in the "Knights" never mentions Cleon actually by name. In the same way Mr. Disraeli never mentioned Mr. Goldwin Smith by name. This, however, was the only thing Aristophanes in the whole of Mr. Disraeli's speech. For it was as devoid of point as of principle. The key, however, to Mr. Disraeli's bitterness may easily be found. If Mr. Disraeli never learns, he never forgets. Like all satirists, he is the most thin-skinned of men. Twice in satire has he met more than his match. His controversy with O'Connell is now preserved by the salt of the latter's wit. "The living lie" will for ever stick as a nickname to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. But in Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Disraeli has found an antagonist whose wit is as keen. Few who have read the memorable letter to Mr. Disraeli in the *Empire* will forget the sting of its opening sarcasm—"I will not enter into the considerations of morality involved in the question, because Mr. Disraeli appears to regard such considerations as offensive." In this spirit of moral vivisection does Mr. Goldwin Smith always deal with his opponent. As we have said, Mr. Disraeli never forgets, and we may add, never forgives. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

THE Upper House of Convocation has this week pronounced an important decision on Ritualism. Looking "to the danger of favouring errors deliberately rejected by the Church of England, and fostering a tendency to desert her Communion," they declare that Ritualism incurs these dangers. They quote a Rubric from the opening preface on the Service of the Church, to the effect that, "for the resolution of all doubts concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this Book, the parties that so doubt or diversely take anything shall always resort to the Bishop of the diocese, who, by his discretion, shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same." Upon this Rubric the Upper House base the position that no alterations from long-sanctioned and usual Ritual ought to be made in our churches until the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese has been obtained thereto. But while this reference to the Bishop is voluntary, or—which more fully expresses the position—while the Bishop has no power to enforce it, of what use is the Rubric, even when the decision of the Upper House has been added to it. We have the authority of the Dean of Arches for saying that the Church Discipline Act is practically useless. Must it perpetually continue so?

MR. HEDGES EYRE CHATTERTON, the Irish Solicitor-General, was on Tuesday returned for Dublin University. He had "a walk over," being unopposed. He was proposed by Dr. Carson, as representative of the "interns" of Trinity, and seconded by the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Plunket, as representative of the parochial clergy of Ireland. Dr. Carson, however, is by no means popular either within or without the walls of Trinity, and Mr. Plunket has no claims to speak for the clergy, as his parochial experience is limited to a few years' nominal care of exactly four parishioners, at a remuneration of some hundreds a year. The speeches delivered on the occasion were tame. An eccentric elector named Barnes furnished amusement to the under-

graduates, who brought the proceedings to a close by a display of squibs and crackers. The principal gate being closed, the usual march round King William's statue, with rounds of Kentish fire, did not take place.

Two new Law Lords are about to be created—the Lord Justice-General McNeill and Sir Hugh Cairns. The appellate jurisdiction of the Lords is in need of officers, though it possesses four ex-Chancellors—Lords Brougham, St. Leonards, Cranworth, and Westbury—together with Lord Wensleydale, Lord Kingsdown, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Romilly. But of these, three are aged men—Lord Brougham is 88, and Lords St. Leonards and Wensleydale not very much younger—and Lord Westbury, it is said, contemplates a residence for a time abroad. Lord Kingsdown's health is infirm, Lord Romilly cannot attend, and the Lord Chancellor is fully occupied by the business of his own court. The appellate jurisdiction of the Lords is thus represented only by one efficient judge, Lord Cranworth, and he is 77. Of the two new Law Lords one is 73, and a better selection might surely have been made. But Sir Hugh Cairns is young enough, is a distinguished lawyer, and has only the drawback that his health is not of a robust character.

THE state of the cells attached to the Metropolitan Police Stations has more than once been the subject of serious, but unavailing, remonstrance. The police authorities appear to be unable to part with anything tending to diminish the terror of their name, and accordingly persons who are merely accused, and perhaps guiltless, are crushed in among the very offscourings of humanity, in a place unfit for any human being, however degraded. Lieutenant Brand, during the three hours he waited for bail after his first appearance at the Bow-street Police Court, only escaped the usual cell companionship by the humanity of the gaoler, who accorded him the favour of a cell by himself. This cell, however, was about as unfit a place as it would be possible to conceive for the confinement of a man just returned from a tropical climate. It was eight feet square without window or skylight, and with only such ventilation as a small slit in the iron door afforded. The walls were streaming with moisture, and the wooden bench, the only furniture of the cell, was so wet that it was impossible to sit down upon it. Whatever opinions we entertain concerning the conduct of the Jamaica officials, we regard it as simply barbarous that any man should be subjected to the indignity and punishment of such an imprisonment as this before a jury has pronounced upon his guilt or innocence. It also appears to us to be a matter of regret that the expressions of Mr. Shaen, the attorney for the prosecution, which tended to convey the notion that Mr. Brand was keeping out of the way, should have prevented Mr. Brand's own recognizances from being taken. It would seem that he had not kept out of the way, and that any difficulty in serving the warrant was owing to no act of his, but to the carelessness of those who were intrusted with its execution. The prosecution will lose nothing by imitating that spirit of gentlemanly fairness, which was evinced by their counsel, Mr. Fitzjames Stephens.

In the case of Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited), Vice-Chancellor Malins has decided against the application of the Defence Association, and has declared the shareholders to be responsible to the utmost limit of their liability. Stated roundly, the whole case stands thus. The old firm of Overend, Gurney, & Co. transacted a business yielding, up to the end of 1860, a profit of £190,000 per annum. About that time, death and retirement threw the conduct of the business into younger and less prudent hands, so that by the summer of 1865 it was in this critical position, that it must either acquire a large accession of capital or must be stopped. It was, in fact, insolvent to the extent of two or three millions. All this was candidly stated to the new directorate, but was not communicated by them to the public. On the contrary, it was kept strictly secret, and the four new directors, relying on what the Vice-Chancellor calls the "magic charm" of the old firm, brought the company out with the usual flourish of trumpets. That the new directors acted wrongly, and even fraudulently, in making this concealment, is clear; and the only thing to be said in their favour is that, though the shares of the company speedily rose to a premium of 10 per cent., they did not sell out. They believed in the "magic charm," and when it failed they suffered with the rest of the shareholders. Still, as against them, the share-

holders whom they clearly defrauded have legal ground of complaint. But they have no claim to immunity from their obligations towards the creditors of the company. This is both good law and good sense. And though the Defence Association have declared their intention of appealing from Vice-Chancellor Malins's decision, it is quite inconceivable that they will be able to reverse it.

Those who are unable to account for the unpopularity of the military service, will find at last some explanation in the accounts we now and then receive of the infliction of the lash. An Irish newspaper reports a recent case of death from flogging at Limerick. Robert Symes, a private soldier in the 74th Regiment, was sentenced by a district court-martial to fifty lashes for striking his superior officer, the sergeant of the company. The punishment was reduced to twenty-five lashes, and the staff-surgeon having reported that the soldier was in sound health and fit to bear it, the flogging took place, and the man having been removed into hospital, died. The army-surgeons who were examined at the inquest, gave it as their opinion that death arose not from the flogging, but from congestion of the brain caused by erysipelas. Another surgeon, however, was of opinion that the death was owing to the punishment the soldier had received, and in this opinion the jury concurred, finding that the deceased came by his death of fever and congestion of the brain, accelerated by the corporal punishment he received. How long is this brutal mode of punishment to continue a disgrace to the army and the nation?

In its impression of Thursday, the *Times* publishes what it very justly calls a "terrible and touching picture" of the condition of St. Matthias, Bethnal-green, traced by the pen of the Incumbent, the Rev. Isaac Taylor. St. Matthias is the most wretched and poverty-stricken corner even of Bethnal-green. Into a space considerably less than that of Russell-square or Belgrave-square, are crowded some six or seven thousand people packed together in the utmost poverty and squalor. They are the descendants of the Huguenots, as their names—Vendome, Ney, Racine, Defoe, La Fontaine, Dupin, Blois, Le Beau, Auvache, Fontaineau, Montier—testify. But while they are making silks for others, their own poverty of clothes is something shocking. And at what starving profit do they turn out their precious manufactures? "A skilful workman," Mr. Taylor tells us, "making costly velvets or rich silks, and labouring from 12 to 16 hours a day, will only earn, on an average, about 12s. a week." Many do not earn above 7s. or 8s. Yet, "to make a single inch of velvet, the shuttle has to be thrown 180 times, 180 times the treadles have to be worked, 60 times the wire has to be inserted, 60 times to be withdrawn, 60 times the knife has to be guided along the whole breadth of the work, and 60 times the pressure of the chest has to be exerted on a heavy beam which is used to compress the work. 600 distinct operations are thus required to make one single inch of velvet, the average payment for making which is one penny!" It is easy to understand, when such are the highest rewards of full employment, what the state of the people of St. Matthias must be when they are out of work, or, as with a dismal irony it is called, "at play." Mr. Taylor paints many individual scenes of family distress—types of the whole neighbourhood. Will not some good Christian help him to alleviate such sufferings?

THE Rev. Richard Tyacke, of Padstow, acts as honorary secretary and treasurer to a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of five of the crew of the Padstow lifeboat who perished on the 6th instant in their endeavour to rescue the crew of the *Georgina* of Boston, which ran aground on the bar of Padstow harbour, ominously named the "Doom-bar." Just as the lifeboat reached the *Georgina*, four of her oars were broken, and, unable to keep her head to the sea, she was tossed end over end, till she was driven ashore, minus her crew, five of whom were drowned. The rest, buoyed up by their cork jackets, reached the shore. To reward them, and to provide for the families of their unfortunate mates, an appeal is made to the generosity of the public. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has subscribed £210; £270 had been subscribed by the inhabitants of Padstow up to the 8th inst., and in the *Times* of Thursday, Mr. Tyacke acknowledges subscriptions from other quarters. More, we trust, will follow. Those who sacrifice their lives in the attempt to save others, should not be forgotten by their countrymen, but should be well rewarded in the persons of their widows and orphans.

A BILL has been read a second time in the House of Lords for the regulation of traffic and the protection of foot-passengers in the streets of the metropolis. Not too soon. We are at present killing 150 persons annually by driving over them, and if we add those who are hurt or maimed by the same process, we shall have 2,000 persons who are more or less injured by the unsafe state of our streets. The Bill, whatever objections there may be to it, is in the right direction, and will do some good, even as it stands, though of course it will be much modified before it is passed. By one of its provisions it abolishes the minimum fare of sixpence for a single mile, at the same time subjecting cabs to police inspection, so that they may be kept in a condition fit for public use.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

WE are deprived for the present of the valuable services of Professor Max Müller; and his enforced absence from the University is the more to be regretted as it is caused by serious ill-health. The Professor has been ordered to remain in the South of France till the beginning of the summer, when we hope to welcome him again in renewed vigour. The Waynflete Professorship of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy is vacant by the recent preferment of Canon Mansel. Several names are, of course, at once mentioned as likely for the appointment, and gossip even hints that a Professor in a cognate subject might be willing to step from a chair of £400 to one of £600. It is a fine opening for a good Conservative, but we shall refrain from speculating on the appointment, because it is vested in a wonderful board of five, consisting of the following slightly heterogeneous elements:—Lord Derby, as our Chancellor; the Bishop of Winchester, as Visitor of Magdalen; Dr. Bulley, as President of that College; Canon Payne Smith, as Regius Professor of Divinity; and Dr. Travers Twiss, as Professor of Civil Law. Our readers will probably remember the existence of a Board of Five at Sparta, who were called the Ephors. They may also recall the fact that Aristotle, in his "Politics," has several disagreeable truths to state about them, remarking that the mode of their election was very puerile, so that they were invested with a power that they knew not how to manage, and that ultimately the Ephorality became identified with all opposition to the extension of popular privileges. Therefore, all Boards of Five beware! There is something dangerous in the number—

"Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus
Eumenidesque satæ."

While on the subject of Professorships, we may remark that it is proposed to alter the tenure of the Political Economy Chair, and, abolishing the restriction upon re-election, to place it upon the same footing as other Professorships. If this is done, it suggests the removal of the only anomaly which will remain in the whole system—namely, that the Professor of Poetry is not re-eligible after having occupied the Chair for the two permitted periods of five years. If the Political Economy Chair is henceforth to be held on the same terms as the other Professorships, a similar change removing the restrictions from the Poetry Professorship would be nothing more than consistent. And as a mere matter of expediency it would no doubt be most welcome to members of Convocation, considering the very small field of candidates for that Professorship, that they should have the chance of retaining the services of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and of enjoying for a longer period his interesting lectures and quaint and racy criticism. The general feeling among those who take an interest in the Professorship as a Professorship, is that the right man for the post is one of critical powers no less than poetical. Indeed, since it is as true now as in Horace's days,

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ,"

it would seem that the power of original criticism should be a better claim than a mere fluency in versification. Whether we should have found that in Mr. Ruskin, whose withdrawal from the candidature we regret, or whether we shall yet secure it in Mr. Arnold, or Mr. Robert Browning, or Mr. Tyrwhitt, or Sir F. Doyle, time must show. It is said that Mr. Alexander D'Orsey is a candidate, but we fancied that his province was "Elocution."

A good deal of building has commenced, or is about to commence, in Oxford. The High-street at this moment shows a wide gap, just opposite All Saint's Church, which is eventually to be filled up with a commanding building, in what is called Gothic style—the new premises of the London and County Bank. The rebuilding of the south front of Balliol will also

begin at Easter. Mr. Waterhouse has a splendid site in the Broad-street, for doing justice to the architectural genius which won him so much fame in the Manchester Law Courts. The University will also be plunged in brick and mortar very shortly if the proposed scheme is carried out of transferring all the public examinations from the "Schools" to large buildings to be erected for the purpose on the site of the old "Angel" Hotel. The present accommodation of the "Schools" is not only inconvenient, but actually insufficient for the large number of men whom the change in the statutes gathers for examination at the end of the Michaelmas and Act Terms. While these projects are going on, the local papers say, "It is confidently rumoured in Oxford that it is again in contemplation, not only to erect a new Roman Catholic Chapel, but also to establish a Roman Catholic College on an extensive site in Oxford. Dr. Newman has recently been in this city for the purpose of selecting a site for the building, and we understand that negotiations are going on between that gentleman and the city authorities, relative to the purchasing of a large plot of ground extending from New Inn Hall-street to George-street. It will be remembered that some years ago the livery-stable premises opposite Christ Church were purchased by a Catholic for the purpose of erecting a Catholic Chapel; and at a more recent date, the site of the old workhouse was bought by a Catholic for the same purpose, as it was said; but both projects failed." The erection of such an institution would be quite a safety valve to some of our young ritualists, and would be the setting in of a healthy reaction in other quarters.

The publication of the new Oxford Calendar gives for the last year 7,325 names upon the books of the University against 7,124 for 1865. The *Undergraduates' Journal* prints the result of a census of *resident* undergraduates, taken at the end of last term, by order of the O.U.B.C., for the purpose of assessing the subscriptions paid by each college to that club. It is as follows:—

1. Christ Church	213	15. Magdalen	49
2. Exeter	154	16. New	49
3. Balliol	89	17. Jesus	48
4. Queen's	85	18. St. John's	48
5. Brasenose	84	19. Magdalen Hall	47
6. Worcester	76	20. St. Mary Hall	30
7. Wadham	70	21. St. Alban Hall	21
8. Oriel	64	22. St. Edmund Hall	20
9. Trinity	63	23. New Inn Hall	12
10. Pembroke	62	24. All Souls	4
11. University	62	25. Charsley's Hall	3
12. Merton	58		
13. Lincoln	54		
14. Corpus	51	Total	1,516

Your readers may also be amused to see the published account of the expenses of a man who signs himself "Economy," in which the difference between the college-rooms and lodgings is supposed to be accurately given. Without going into his items, we must remark that, whereas he describes himself as having lived at an "expensive college," we should propose to read "very expensive;" and we think that justice ought to be done to the fact that, under present circumstances, a man moves into lodgings after he has sown his freshman's wild oats, and is, or ought to be, somewhat ballasted. He divides his outlay for one year in schedules, thus:—

SCHEDULE A.—Expenses which are the same in college and in lodgings:—University dues, £1. 6s.; college dues, £8. 17s. 8d.; tutorage, £18. 18s.; dinner commons, £20. 3s.; *wine, £20; *washing, £6. 10s. Total, £75. 14s. 8d.

SCHEDULE B.—Expenses of necessity which are different in college and in lodgings:—

	In College.	In Lodgings.
Rent	£15 0 0	£20 0 0
*Furniture	7 10 0	nil.
Servants	10 10 0	nil.
Tips	4 10 0	3 15 0
Coals	6 15 0	5 0 0
Milk	3 9 0	0 14 7
Gas and Boots	nil.	1 17 6
Poor Rate	1 9 0	0 3 6
*Crockery, table linen, iron-mongery, glass, cutlery, &c.	6 0 0	nil.
Battles and decrements	15 15 0	4 3 6
	£70 18 0	£35 14 1

SCHEDULE C.—Arbitrary expenses which were in my case different in college and in lodgings:—

Kitchen	£22 5 6	nil.
*Confectioner	20 0 0	nil.
Extras in Lodging Bill		£12 7 4
Fishmonger	nil.	5 16 6
*Grocer	9 0 0	10 10 10
	£51 5 6	£28 14 8

SCHEDULE D.—Total expenses for living twenty-five weeks at Oxford, exclusive of clothing, books, private tuition, travelling, &c. :—

Schedule A.....	£75 14 8	£75 14 8
Schedule B.....	70 18 0	35 14 1
Schedule C.....	51 5 6	28 14 8
	197 18 2	£140 3 5
Deduct.....	140 3 5	
	£57 14 9	

But indeed after Mr. Commissioner Winslow's late compliment as given in the *Times* of the 8th inst., there seems to be no further call for economy among Oxford men. Mr. Powell, lately an undergraduate of this University, is sued by Mr. Solomon ("Oh, word of fear, unpleasing to a bankrupt ear,") for the sum of £41. 10s. Mr. Powell had asked this man, who is a jeweller, &c., to lend him £20. He couldn't do that, but he could let him have goods, reminding his customer that "it was convenient to have jewellery." So Mr. Powell gets a watch, which he goes and sells for £14, but Mr. Solomon, with a playful inversion of the digits, takes his bill and sits down quickly and writes £41 as the price of the watch. We know nothing of the state of the case between Mr. Powell and his tradesmen, probably this is all right "in the way of business." But we cannot help being a little amused at the sequel. Mr. Powell is asked if he is prepared with any arrangement. No—no arrangement; but any income of his beyond £200 will be devoted to paying them. Upon which Mr. Commissioner Winslow sings or says, "Macte tua virtute puer; sic itur ad astra," only he sings it in a rough translation. For our own part we fail to see the magnanimity of the offer; but we recollect the promise which Mr. Cleaver the butcher makes to the rector's wife when she complains that the sirloin was all bone—"The very next fat bullock I kill, ma'am, without any bone, you shall have a joint for nothing."

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE Crystal Palace concert of Saturday last introduced, for the first time, a pianoforte concerto by Herr Carl Reinecke, performed by his pupil, Mr. Oscar Beringer, who has been studying at the Leipzig Conservatoire, of which Herr Reinecke is director. If this composer's imagination and invention bore any proportion to his acquirements, technical and executive, he could not fail to occupy a high place among the creative musicians of modern Germany. His concerto is well written, both for the solo instrument and the accompanying orchestra; it evinces careful construction, a thorough knowledge of the resources of the pianoforte, and a taste formed on the best models of the art; but nowhere the least spark of that genius which alone can justify the production of a work of such length and ambitious design. Each of its three movements leaves an impression of weariness on the hearer, in spite of some incidental passages possessing much grace and piquancy. The manipulative difficulties of the work, which are enormous, were surmounted by Mr. Beringer with an ease and calm mastery that proved him to be a highly cultivated pianist, and added another to the several recent evidences of the excellence of the present school of pianoforte playing at Leipzig. In selecting his instructor's concerto for his appearance Mr. Beringer paid a graceful compliment to the master, to whom he is doubtless largely indebted for the admirable proficiency which he has acquired; but he would do well in future to choose music which will better repay the skill and labour demanded for its execution. Of the two four-part songs by Schumann, introduced, for the first time, in Saturday's programme, we prefer the second, "Das Schiffelein;" a graceful piece of vocal writing interspersed with some obligati passages for flute and horn—an unusual feature in this form of composition, which is generally independent of all accompaniment.

The special "Mendelssohn Concert" given by Mr. Henry Leslie at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night included one of the finest performances we have ever heard of the music to "Antigone." With a large reinforcement of extra voices added to his own admirable choir, and an excellent orchestra consisting of many of our best players—the number large enough for the most massive effects without coarseness or confusion—this sublime music, so vividly impressed with the classic dignity and grand paths of its subject, was productive of an effect which it has scarcely before had in any English performance—its elevated beauty becoming, as is the case with all great works, more apparent with repeated hearings. The concert commenced with the Italian Symphony, and terminated with the overture to "Ruy Blas;" "Antigone" being followed by the violin concerto played by Herr Joachim, with a perfection of style and execution that he himself has never surpassed; it was a truly magnificent performance, in which the brilliancy of the executive display was merged in the higher qualities of elevated sentiment and grandeur of expression. The "Antigone" (with a programme varied in other respects) is to be repeated on March 13—both these performances being irrespective

of the four subscription concerts, the second of which is to take place on February 28.

Messrs. Longman's re-issue of Mr. Hullah's edition of Part-music, in monthly numbers, continues to afford a varied selection of standard old madrigals, glees, and other forms of concerted vocal music; together with adaptations, by the editor, from more modern sources—published in score and parts, at a minimum price which places it within the reach even of the humblest village choristers, and should help towards the general cultivation of a style of domestic music the universal cultivation of which must prove a powerful moral agent.

Hymns for the Festivals, &c., of the Year, by Messrs. Lambert & Co., is a series of twelve numbers, published at the low price of sixpence each, containing pieces adapted for various religious occasions; mostly original tunes or arrangements from modern composers—for the usual vocal quartet with a compressed accompaniment. Most of the pieces are well suited to their purpose, and effectively harmonized.

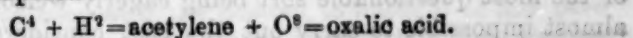
THE LONDON THEATRES.

HOLCROFT's popular comedy, "The Road to Ruin," has been revived at the St. James's Theatre, with an excellent cast of characters. Mrs. Frank Matthews has no equal on the London stage as the Widow Warren, Mr. Walter Lacy gives dash and spirit to the rather old-fashioned fun of Goldfinch, Mr. Stoye is an effective Robsonian Silky, and Miss Eleanor Bufton an amusing and graceful Sophia. Two or three of the parts might be better acted. Mr. Frank Matthews wants earnestness for Old Dornton, and Mr. Henry Irving ease for Young Dornton. The revival has been well received.

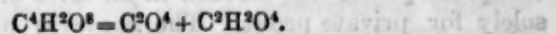
A Japanese troupe of jugglers and acrobats have made their appearance at St. Martin's Hall, with native dresses, native toys, and native and hideous music. Their acrobatic performances are far from remarkable, but their juggling, particularly their Japanese top-spinning and butterfly-fluttering, is wonderfully clever. They come from Yokohama.

SCIENCE.

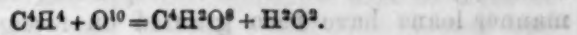
M. Berthelot has presented a note to the Academy of Sciences detailing a new method of producing oxalic and other homologous acids by synthesis, which is of great theoretic interest. Between the formula of acetylene, C^2H^2 , and that of oxalic acid, $C^2H^2O^4$, the only difference is eight equivalents of oxygen, and M. Berthelot has succeeded in effecting the direct combination of this oxygen with free acetylene. Thus, oxalic acid may be synthetically produced by the successive addition of the three elementary bodies, of which it is composed :—



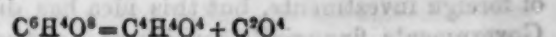
All that is required is to treat gaseous acetylene with an aqueous solution of permanganate of potash. The solution is added little by little, continually shaking, as long as the liquor discolours, and the binoxide of manganese separated by filtering. The liquid contains a large quantity of oxalic acid in combination with potash, which may be easily separated. A small quantity of formic acid and carbonic acid are simultaneously produced, and may be regarded as resulting from the transformation of a portion of the oxalic acid,



Thus, one volume of acetylene combines directly with two volumes of oxygen, forming oxalic acid, being the first example of a hydrocarbon capable of direct union, and without the elimination of an element, with oxygen, for the formation of an acid. Equal volumes of acetylene and hydrogen produce ethylene. The oxidation of ethylene by the permanganate of potash is no less easy than that of acetylene, though taking place rather more slowly, and the result is the production of oxalic, formic, and carbonic acids. Here the oxalic acid is produced by the elimination of hydrogen and addition of oxygen—



These curious reactions are by no means restricted to acetylene and ethylene, but shared by numerous other hydrocarbons. Allylene, for example, C^3H^4 produces malic acid $C^3H^4O^8$ by simple addition of oxygen, under the influence of permanganate of potash and cold, and simultaneously acetic acid and carbonic acid; products, whose formulæ may be obtained by the subdivision of the formula of malic acid :—



The most important fact connected with these reactions is the formation of a series of bibasic acids corresponding with the primitive hydrocarbons.

No place is now safe from the incursion of photographers. Who would suppose that they could carry on their operations under water? Yet such is now the case, as M. Bazin has proved. His photographic studio consists of a strong sheet-iron chest, perfectly water-tight, with water-tight windows, that are in the form of lenses. The electric light is used, and renders distinctly visible any objects lying at the bottom of the sea, so that they may be

photographed, and thus their value and position be accurately marked. M. Bazin has remained at depths of nearly 300 feet for about ten minutes. This application of photography promises to facilitate the recovery of lost objects and the raising of sunken ships.—*Intellectual Observer*.

Dr. Watson Campbell communicates to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* some results of the treatment of diphtheria by the employment of a gargle of permanganate of potash, which appears more successful than have hitherto been attained by other remedies. The strength used was one grain of the permanganate to two ounces of water, and iron and port wine were at the same time given internally. Of twenty-three cases of diphtheria which occurred in Dr. Campbell's practice, before he used the permanganate of potash gargle, ten died; of the thirteen who recovered, four had paralysis to a greater or less extent; on the other hand, of twelve cases which have occurred since, none died, and only two have had paralysis. The success of this treatment affords good ground for believing that the disease is at its commencement local, a view confirmed by the fact, that the more rapidly the local disease was removed, the less the liability to constitutional symptoms.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE discount market remains without material change. Money is plentiful, and so far below the Bank rate of 3 per cent. that it was expected in some quarters that a reduction in the official minimum would have taken place yesterday. The announcement, however, that the Court of Directors had broken up without causing any alteration, created neither surprise nor regret. As long as money is obtainable in the open market at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or a fraction higher, it is of no consequence if the Bank choose to keep their terms at 3, at all events as far as the public generally are concerned. The policy of maintaining a prohibitory rate is certainly open to question. It is difficult to see of what service it can be to the community at large, while it certainly cannot be otherwise than disadvantageous to the stockholders of the Bank. If it were desirable to take active steps with the view of preventing speculation, or at least of discouraging a similar movement as much as possible, the course adopted would doubtless be excusable. But everybody is perfectly aware that 3 per cent. at the Bank, when the open market is at $2\frac{1}{2}$, must necessarily be inoperative to effect any good in this direction. It is likewise patent that speculation is for the moment completely dead. Instead of public companies even of the most questionable sort being eagerly welcomed, it seems almost impossible to carry out the best considered enterprises possessing legitimate claims for public support. Again, it may be observed that a high rate of discount is in any case of doubtful efficacy in checking speculation. It requires but an ordinary knowledge of the financial history of the past twenty-five years, to ascertain the fact that speculation prevails even more frequently when discounts are high than when they are low. It has constantly been assumed that when money is cheap the public will embark in all sorts of ventures concocted solely for private profit. The converse of the proposition is nearer the truth. It is because the public will not embark in these enterprises that money is both abundant and cheap. Loans are granted, on the best securities only, and the general disinclination to undertake comparatively new business causes a strong competition in the old and well-tried channels of investment. Thus, advances on the Stock Exchange have latterly been given on consols at the nominal terms of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or just half the fixed rate of interest, and apparently involving to the lender a corresponding loss. In the same manner loans have been granted on foreign stocks that pay from 6 to 14 per cent. at a charge of not more than 3 to 4 per cent.

There can be no doubt that our surplus funds continue to augment rapidly, and the question constantly recurs how are they to be employed? The success of the late Russian and Chilean loans appeared at one time to prove decisive in favour of foreign investments, but this idea has died away. The best Governments, financially considered, have brought forward their propositions, and the English public has readily acceded to them. Here, however, the question begins and ends. If Chili can raise a loan in our market, Spain certainly cannot. Nor does Portugal possess the slightest chance of emulating, even in a remote degree, the success of Russia. A few other applicants are also stated to be awaiting a favourable opportunity, among whom are the Danubian Principalities, and in all probability Egypt, since it is morally certain that the Viceroy can have no hope of successfully carrying out his recent negotiations with

the Sultan without a considerable outlay of cash. It is doubtful if these attempts will be responded to. Loans to Eastern countries have long palled upon the public mind. They seem to be endless, and each fresh operation is introduced at a lower price than its predecessor. The natural inference is that the best thing to be done is not to invest in the stock now offered, but to wait till next year or, better still, the year after that. It is likewise impossible to banish a lurking idea that if the limits of borrowing shall once have been reached, the future dividends on the existing stocks may become somewhat precarious. It is, on the other hand, satisfactory to note that foreign bonds, with a substantial guarantee, have latterly been in demand. Some time is required to cure that peculiar kind of indiscriminate distrust, which is the sure successor of a financial panic. After these convulsions, the public persist in distrusting everything. By degrees the evil corrects itself. Investors who for months past have denied the slightest faith to the securities of foreign Governments, are beginning to discern their error. Thus far their appreciation has only tended to raise real valuable securities to their proper level. There is, nevertheless, always the danger of a rush into the opposite extreme. It is just possible that a speculative demand may arise for not merely bonds of substantial worth, but for the many valueless issues with which the London money market has long been inundated.

Is it likely that our redundant capital will be devoted to railway purposes? This appears highly improbable. Railway stocks have been gradually falling into bad repute. The primary cause arose from the scandals of the past year, the defaults, the difficulty of ascertaining the legal status of securities held, and the laxity with which all questions relating to railway property seem to be habitually treated. These were enough to shake the public confidence in investments which rank in magnitude next to the public funds. Another source of distrust has now supervened. Although the traffic returns during the past half-year have actually increased, the proposed dividends show a general decline. Of course it is at once asked if the earnings are greater, why should the net income be less? This question has yet to be answered. In the mean time the conjecture is rife that the discrepancy is due to financial difficulties. The opinion is probably correct, and since it is generally entertained, there is ample reason for explaining the universal distaste of the public for all classes of railway securities.

Perhaps, however, miscellaneous shares may be more sought. For the moment, we see but little chance. The same feeling that causes every one to turn aside from a new company, whether good or bad, will equally indispose an investor from buying shares in one that is already well established. There is a disinclination, temporary in all likelihood, for all kinds of joint-stock enterprise. Even the best undertakings barely maintain their position. For instance, the joint-stock banks have lately declared high dividends, better on the whole than for any six months, except the first half of 1866, and they have hardly moved in price. The financial associations have demonstrated, over and over again, that if they have experienced losses, these last have been far beneath the depreciation at which the shares stand in the market. These are not isolated cases. Any one taking up the share list will be astonished to see how really sound concerns are unnecessarily depressed. To quote two—and they are but specimens of their class—the London and Provincial Marine Insurance, paying a 10 per cent. dividend, are quoted at less than par; and the Lion Brewery (formerly Goding's), giving 8 per cent., at hardly a fractional premium.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.15 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 1.10th dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days sight was, on the 8th inst., about 108½ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The report of the London and County Bank shows an available total of £119,467, including a previous balance of £17,468, and a distribution of 14 per cent. has been adopted, making, with 11 per cent. paid in August last, a total of 25 per cent. for the year, and leaving £14,467 to be carried forward. It has been also resolved to increase the paid-up capital from £750,000 to £1,000,000 by an issue of 12,500 new shares, £20 paid, and which will be offered pro rata among the proprietors at £20 premium. The deposits held are £12,057,000, an increase of £1,338,517 in the half-year; and the acceptances are £1,580,761, a decrease of £451,729. The amount of "Government and guaranteed stocks" held is £695,953, an increase of £501,572; but the cash on hand and at call is £531,173 less. The reserve fund stands at £250,000.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

It has been justly said of the history of architecture that it is incorporated with the history of mankind itself. Indeed, the proposition must be so exceedingly obvious to all who have thought twice on the subject that the best apology we can offer for its quotation lies in the fact, that on such a matter few people think at all. Architecture, at once the parent of all other arts, the longest lived where arts decay, the most necessary to a civilized people, the most interesting in its historical and local associations, the most comprehensive in its purpose, the loftiest in its aspirations—this art, of which the elements are half scientific, half poetical, now the delight of a refined perception, and now the necessary result of practical requirements, is also—must we confess it?—the least studied and the least understood by the popular modern mind.

Music, painting, and even sculpture (which but for architecture could never have had existence), claim in turn their devotees, whose individual tastes indeed may differ, but whose judgment is not unfrequently well informed. But, beyond a vague predilection for classic or Gothic designs, beyond a mere sense of what is called "pretty," and what is called "quaint," where, in ordinary life, do we find anything like a just appreciation of those monuments of antiquity which once commanded universal praise, or how can we insure that nice discrimination which should help us in modern work to distinguish the efforts of real genius from the crude vulgarities of an uneducated designer?

The truth is, that the study of architecture has long been so hopelessly neglected in this country that not even the extraordinary impulse which it has received within the last fifteen or twenty years, has been yet sufficient to awaken the general public to its importance. The literary and illustrative works which appeared in connection with this subject early in the present century were, with a few exceptions, prepared almost exclusively for the use of the professed architect, rather than with a view to interest or educate the amateur. Pugin, indeed, who had contributed so largely to works of the former class, endeavoured to familiarize his lay readers also with the principles of sound art; but his efforts were in some respects marred by the introduction of a religious element which seemed beside the question, which did not please all who shared his faith, and certainly offended many who did not share it. Mr. Ruskin has since done much to invest the study of architecture with a poetry which had been previously not dreamt of in our philosophy—a poetry of which the essence is based on a close observation of nature, and on a lively faith in the relation which should exist between natural types and the results of human invention. But such works are of too theoretical a character to inform that order of mind which desires to grasp the history of an art before it can sympathize with its æsthetic conditions. An encyclopædia of architecture appeared, but the first edition teemed with blunders, and even when these were corrected, the volume assumed a form which rendered it but of slight service to the professional man, and of still less interest to the amateur.

It was reserved for Mr. Fergusson to write a "History of Architecture"—the most comprehensive, the most correct, and at the same time the most compendious which has yet appeared. It is divided into three volumes, of which the first, devoted to the classic schools, and the third, devoted to the modern schools, have already been published. We need not now stop to explain why this order was followed. It is sufficient to say that it is the second volume—an amplification of part of his well-known "Handbook," which is the subject of our present notice. In an introductory chapter to Part II., "On Christian Architecture," Mr. Fergusson thus alludes to the Pointed style of this country:—

"It is perhaps not too much to assert that, during the Middle Ages, architecture was practised in England with even greater success than among any of the contemporary nations. In beauty of detail and elegance of proportion, the English cathedrals generally surpass their continental rivals. It is only in dimensions and mechanical construction that they are sometimes inferior. So lovingly did the people of the country adhere to the art, that the Gothic forms clung to the soil long after they had been superseded on the Continent by the classical Renaissance; and the English returned to their old love long before other nations had got over their contempt for the rude barbarism of their ancestors. It is now more than a century since Horace Walpole conceived the idea of reproducing the beauties of York Minster and Westminster Abbey in a lath-and-plaster villa at Strawberry Hill. The attempt, as we now know, was ridiculous enough; but the result on the arts of the country most important. From that day to this Gothic villas, Gothic lodges, and Gothic churches have been the fashion—at first timidly and wonderfully misunderstood, but now the rage, and with an almost perfect power of imitation. The result of this revived feeling for Mediæval art which interests us most in this place is, that every Gothic building in the country has been carefully examined and its peculiarities noted. All the more important examples have been drawn and published; their dates and histories ascertained as far as possible, and the whole subject rendered complete and intelligible. The only difficulty that remains is that the works in which the illustrations of English art are contained range over seventy or eighty years—the early ones published before the subject was properly understood; and that they are in all shapes and sizes, from the most ponderous folios to the most

diminutive of duodecimos. Their number, too, is legion, and they therefore often go over the same ground. The one book that now seems wanted to complete the series of publications on the subject is a clear, concise, but complete narrative of the rise and progress of the style, with just a sufficient amount of illustration to render it intelligible. Two volumes in 8vo. of 500 pages each might suffice for the distillation of all that is contained in the 1,001 volumes above alluded to; and 1,000 illustrations, if well selected, would render the forms and peculiarities of the style sufficiently clear. But less would certainly not suffice.

"Under these circumstances, it will be easily understood that nothing of the sort can be attempted in this work. With only one-tenth of the requisite space available, and less than that proportion of illustrations, all that can be proposed is to sketch the great leading features of the subject, to estimate the value of the practice of the English architects as compared with those on the Continent, and to point out the differences which arose between their methods and ours, in consequence of either the local or social peculiarities of the various nationalities."

Beginning from the period immediately preceding the Norman Conquest, Mr. Fergusson then proceeds to trace succinctly the gradual development of Gothic architecture, showing how after that important event most of the Saxon cathedrals were swept away to make room for nobler buildings designed by foreigners. But the scheme of this chapter of his book, and indeed of most of its other chapters, is analytical rather than arranged with any regard for chronological sequence. For example, he devotes one section to plans of English cathedrals, another to vaults, a third to pier arches, a fourth to window tracery, and so on. The advantage of this division, enabling him as it does to consider these characteristic details *seriatim*, and to show how they grow from simple types of construction into ornate and complex features, more than compensates for the lack of that easier continuity of narrative which one meets with in works of lesser aim. The chapter on vaults is especially interesting, and regarding the earliest examples of the "lancet" window Mr. Fergusson says:—

"The date of the introduction of the pointed arch in England, for it may be considered as established that it was introduced, is a question which has been much discussed, but is by no means settled. The general impression is that it was at the rebuilding of the cathedral of Canterbury after the fire of 1174 that the style was first fairly tried. The architect who superintended that work for the first five years was William of Sens; and the details and all the arrangements are so essentially French, and so different from anything else of the same age in England, that his influence on the style of the building can hardly be doubted. Of course it is not meant to assert that no earlier specimens exist; indeed we can scarcely suppose that they did not, when we recollect that the pointed arch was used currently in France for more than a century before this time, and that the pointed style was inaugurated at St. Denis at least thirty years before. Still, this is probably the first instance of the style being carried out in anything like completeness, not only in the pier arches but in the vaults also, which is far more characteristic. Even after this date the struggle was long and the innovation most unwillingly received by the English, so that even down to the year 1200 the round arch was currently employed, in conjunction with the pointed, to which it at last gave way, and was then for three centuries banished entirely from English architecture."

In an interesting chapter on the architecture of Scotland, Mr. Fergusson points out the affinities of style which it betrays in turn to the French Flamboyant School and to Irish Gothic, while a Scandinavian element prevails in the Orkneys, and even the influence of Spanish taste may be detected in the clumsy but characteristic details of Roslyn Chapel, which certainly bear some resemblance to those of a conventual chapel at Belem on the Tagus. It will be readily understood that such an admixture of styles—brought about in some measure by the warlike dissensions which then harassed this island—presents no small difficulty to the modern antiquary who endeavours to date and classify the early architecture of the north, particularly when we remember that long after the accession of Elizabeth baronial castles were raised in Scotland, which, while they partook of a Renaissance character in certain details, retained in their general arrangement many peculiarities of a much earlier style.

To Irish Gothic our author alludes but disparagingly, and while admitting the probability of the Eastern origin of the Irish Church, he suggests that at least her early art-inspirations were not derived from this side of St. George's Channel. The round towers and "oratories" are then described, and some curious examples of fenestration in the former illustrate this section. The woodcuts of the next chapter—on Spanish architecture—are for the most part borrowed from the recently published but well-known work of Mr. Street. It is hardly too much to say, that until this appeared we knew next to nothing of Spanish architecture except from a picturesque point of view. Examples like the church of San Vicente, Avila, the lantern tower of Salamanca old cathedral—the feature of such noble buildings as those at Tarragona, Gerona, and Valencia, are surely worthy of careful study and of detailed description, and we cannot be too thankful that in bringing them to notice Mr. Fergusson has been able to avail himself of so excellent an authority.

Half a century ago, if any one had proposed to go to Italy to study Gothic he would have been set down as a madman. Yet, since Ruskin drew attention to its beauties, it is from Transalpine architecture of the Middle Ages that we have already derived, and shall probably continue to derive, many characteristic peculiarities of that modern English school which now bids fair to leave

* A History of Architecture in all Countries, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By James Fergusson, F.R.S., M.R.A.S., Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Three vols. Vol. II. London: Murray.

the taste of Pugin and his more immediate followers far in the shade. Altogether, perhaps, the campanile is the one especial feature that most deserves attention in Southern Gothic.

"The Italians," says Mr. Fergusson, "never caught the true idea of a spire. Throughout the whole of the middle ages they retained their affection for the original rectangular form, making their towers as broad at the summit as at the base. With very few exceptions they are without buttresses or any projection on the angles to aid in giving them even an appearance of support. In consequence, when a spire was placed on such an edifice, it always fitted awkwardly. The art by which a tower was prepared for its termination, first by the graduated buttresses at its base, then by the strongly marked vertical lines of its upper portion, and above all by the circle of spirelets at the top, out of which the centre spire shot up as an absolute necessity of the composition—this art, so dear and so familiar to the Northern builders was never understood by the Italians. If they, on the contrary, placed an octagon in their square towers, it looked like an accident for which nothing was prepared, and the spire was separated from it only by bold horizontal cornices, instead of by vertical lines, as true taste indicated."

We wish we had space to follow Mr. Fergusson through his dissertation on Lombardo-Venetian architecture. The attention which he has given to this portion of his subject, and to the character of the Venetian style proper, is remarkable because the tide of public taste in this country has only lately turned in that direction, and his criticisms, if not always in accordance with the new doctrine, are at least based upon sound and impartial judgment. For the sake of his readers we could have wished that he had selected better illustrations of the Doge's Palace, and the Ca d'Oro than the meagre engravings which are borrowed from Cicognara's work. It is just because in those well-known buildings much which is faulty unites with much which is beautiful, that it would have been desirable to let them be portrayed with something more like their real effect.

Passing over the learned and interesting chapters on Russian architecture, and on the various phases of the Byzantine style, we come to Part III., which is devoted to Pagan architecture, and occupies the latter half of the volume. As may be supposed, a large proportion of this is devoted to the various oriental styles, and especially to those of the Indian Peninsula. Here Mr. Fergusson speaks not only as an authority, but as the authority on a subject which is fraught with interest of an historical and antiquarian, if not exactly of an artistic, character. His long residence in the East, coupled with an amount of information which is certainly unequalled in this country, have enabled him to bring together a store of facts as novel as they are striking. The valuable aid of photography, as well as the cleverness of his own pencil, have greatly enhanced the worth of this information, which, with all that he has to say on Chinese, Peruvian, and ancient American architecture, makes this portion of his book a most useful addition to the literature of art.

From Mr. Fergusson's æsthetic convictions—modestly as they are always expressed—some of his readers may occasionally dissent. But none will fail to give him credit for the enterprise, the industry, and the skill, with which he has set about and accomplished an interesting but difficult task.

MARSHMAN'S HISTORY OF INDIA.*

SINCE the year of the great mutiny Englishmen have undoubtedly awakened to a livelier interest in the affairs of India than had ever previously been the case. We give a more careful attention to the details of a petty squabble with some hill tribe than we were accustomed to bestow thirty, or even twenty, years ago upon the most important political negotiations with the Mahrattas, or the most famous operations of the Sikh war. Yet it must be allowed that we approach the consideration of Indian questions in general with a very slender stock of knowledge. This is due, in part, as Lord Macaulay long ago remarked to deficiency of information; readable works on Indian history, society, and manners, are very rare; and though since the brilliant Whig essayist made popular the lives and political characters of Clive and Hastings, countless books on India have been published, the conditions remain in effect almost unchanged. It is still a laborious and an uninteresting task to acquire even a rudimentary acquaintance with Indian history and politics. All existing works are either too voluminous or too meagre for the casual student, who was obliged either to rest content with a most imperfect knowledge, or to waste time and trouble on ill-digested and ill-constructed histories. Hitherto, in point of fact, James Mill's great work, with Professor H. H. Wilson's continuation, has been the only history of merit accessible to most readers; and even this, though the most philosophical of historical works, is unfit for students whose time may be limited, and who may be incapable of successfully following abstract trains of thought. Since the civil service of India has been thrown open to public competition, this defect of information with regard to the vicissitudes of our Eastern dominion has been rendered most apparent, and great difficulty has been found in selecting books for purposes of instruction. In India, to even a greater extent, the like need has resulted in an attempt to supply, in a compendious yet comprehensive shape, the required amount of historical information.

* The History of India, from the Earliest Period to the Close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. By John Clark Marshman. Vol. I. London: Longmans.

At the request of the authorities of the University of Calcutta, Mr. John Clark Marshman undertook the task. The announcement of an edition for this country was received with satisfaction by all who felt an interest in the affairs of India and in the diffusion of knowledge respecting them. The work has even been officially recommended to the cadets selected by competition, and its scope is fairly proportioned to the requirements of the case. It will embrace in three volumes of moderate size the history of India from the earliest times to the close of Lord Dalhousie's administration. Of this undertaking, the first two volumes, bringing down the history to Lord Amherst's resignation in 1828, have just appeared, and the concluding one is announced as nearly ready for publication.

It will be seen that we should readily bestow praise on such a work as Mr. Marshman has planned, if the execution were even tolerably good. Any one, however, who will open these volumes with the hope of finding something at once more copious in detail than previous smaller histories of India and more readable in style than Mill's voluminous work, will be grievously disappointed. We do not at all impeach the accuracy of Mr. Marshman's knowledge, or the industry which he has bestowed upon his book, but the most cursory inspection of his pages is sufficient to show that all the qualities which are required in a history, however elementary and unphilosophical, are wanting in his work. He possesses neither discrimination in the choice of his materials, nor skill in the composition of them; neither philosophic analysis nor dramatic power. His style is no better than his matter, never picturesque, never vigorous; often obscure and awkward, always intensely commonplace. The net result of these characteristics of Mr. Marshman's history need scarcely be pointed out. The reader will not gather from it more information than he will find conveyed in the most elementary manual on the subject, while he will perhaps weary even sooner of Mr. Marshman's vapid dulness than of Mr. Mill's somewhat crabbed philosophy. The incapacity for selecting important facts, to which we have alluded, makes our author sketch every period and every group of events on a kind of Procrustean bed. Every fact almost is credited with the same value and the same space, so that while the great crises upon which subsequent events hinge are usually hurried over in the most unsatisfactory and perfunctory fashion, an unconscionable prominence is given to petty wars and paltry negotiations. Yet, to a historian endowed with any measure of imagination, as to the historian of high analytic power, Indian history presents an ample and almost an unexplored field. But the very vastness of the ground demands tact and insight, of which Mr. Marshman at least has no glimmering. He does not appear to appreciate in the smallest degree, or at all events utterly fails to convey to his readers, the dramatic grandeur of that long and dubious struggle which was destined to decide whether the Anglo-Saxon or the Mahratta should rule in Hindustan; the most salient points, as well as the more latent phases in that momentous contest, are obscured in these pages by a crude mass of details of wretched administrative disputes and trivial questions of revenue. It is the same with every phase of each dynastic or political idea. The central figures are hidden out of sight by irrelevant additions.

We have spoken with some severity of Mr. Marshman's literary ability, and are bound to place before our readers a specimen or two from which they may form an independent judgment. We do not at all mean to draw any comparison between Mr. Marshman's schoolboy rhetoric and the famous description of Warren Hastings' trial, which we owe to the most brilliant of English historians; but we beg to call attention to the following passage as a most amusing sample of "Macaulay-and-water":—

"The trial, which commenced on the 13th of February, 1788, presented the most august spectacle which had been witnessed in England for more than a century—the impeachment by the Commons of England, before the highest tribunal in the land, of the man who had consolidated the power of Great Britain in the East. The scene was one of unexampled dignity and grandeur. The Queen and the Princesses, the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers, with their trains, led the procession. The Peers in their ermine were marshalled two and two, according to their rank, from their own chamber to the hall. But the most interesting spectacle was the galaxy of genius grouped together in the seats appropriated to the managers of the trial—Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Grey, and Windham, men of imperishable renown in the annals of their country. In the presence of this illustrious assembly, Warren Hastings, who had given law to the princes and people of India for thirteen years, appeared in the position of a culprit, and was required to go down upon his knees. He was immediately commanded to rise and accommodated with a seat; but of all the indignities which had been heaped on him in England or in India, this ignominious ceremonial was that which most acutely wounded his feelings. The Lord Chancellor, who presided in the Court, and who had been his own schoolfellow at Westminster, concluded his address with much solemnity: 'Conduct your defence in a manner that may befit your station and the magnitude of the charges against you, and estimate rightly the high character of those you have to answer—the Commons of Great Britain.' To which Hastings replied with great dignity: 'I am come to this high tribunal, equally impressed with a confidence in my own integrity and in the justice of the Court before which I stand.' The pleadings were opened by Burke in a speech of such transcendent power that Hastings himself was carried away by the torrent of eloquence, and remarked that for half an hour he really considered himself the greatest miscreant in England. The management of the impeachment, for any detail of which, however, it is not possible to find space in this brief sketch, was left by Mr. Pitt in the hands of

his opponents, the Whigs, and it was conducted in a spirit of rancour, which, in this age of moderation, is regarded with amazement. The whole proceeding is inseparably connected with the traditions and the credit of that party, and hence, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, its political chief still considers that the 'whole of Hastings's policy was conceived in an Indian spirit of trick, perfidy, cruelty, and falsehood.' To acquit Hastings of criminality would necessarily imply the severest reflection on the conduct of those who applied to him the epithets of 'thief,' 'tyrant,' 'robber,' 'cheat,' 'swindler,' 'sharpener,' 'captain-general of iniquity,' and 'spider of hell,' and then expressed their regret that the English language did not afford terms more adequate to the enormity of his offences. The trial dragged on for seven years, and terminated on the 23rd of April, 1795, in his complete and honourable acquittal. It cost him ten lacs of rupees and reduced him to poverty, but it has conferred immortality on his name."

This last sentence is nearly worthy of a place beside the epitaph of Robert Boyle, "the father of modern chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork."

The passage we have quoted illustrates something more than Mr. Marshman's style. It enables us to see how far we may credit his profession of impartiality, made, no doubt, in all sincerity, and set forth in his preface. For the estimate which a writer forms of Warren Hastings' character is a comical test of his power of treating Indian questions with fairness. Civilian prejudices have influenced many able writers in favour of the most unscrupulous, mendacious, and implacable of Indian rulers. Mr. Marshman has spoken in the sentences we have quoted of the lasting enmity borne by the Whigs to Hastings. How strong must be those influences of civilianism which could change Macaulay a Whig of the Whigs, and the prop of the *Edinburgh Review* into the most eloquently sophistical defender of the crimes which were denounced by Burke and Fox! The spirit which prompts Mr. Marshman to the astounding statement that "the impartial verdict of posterity has long since acquitted Hastings of the crimes charged on him," is equally visible in his defence of that insensate policy of aggression and acquisition which has entailed upon us such an overwhelming weight of responsibility in regard to India. We have little doubt these prejudices and partialities will vitiate to a still greater degree the portion of Mr. Marshman's work which has yet to appear. It is still true, as when Horace wrote, that the historian of contemporary events—

"Incedit per ignes
"Suppositos cineri doloso."

It is to be remarked that Mr. Marshman's is a history of that bad old school which occupies itself only with political changes, and ignores the progress of civilization, and the social condition of the masses. It would be impossible to learn from this book how the frame of society was organized under the old Hindoo dynasties, the Mohammedans, or the Mahrattas. No account is given of the peculiar institutions of each period, and each great division of the country. We are told nothing of those peculiar and most instructive rural phenomena, which resulted from the fixity of the village community, being taken instead of the individual, as the social unit. Nor do we glean any information whatever concerning the origin of races and tribes, the growth and decay of religions, and the laws of caste. Yet these questions are surely of higher importance, and more truly form a part of Indian history than the details of military operations and personal changes never momentous, and long since dropped out of memory.

Mr. Marshman, like nearly every other writer on India, has a peculiar way of spelling Indian names. He writes, for instance, Munoo, Nundu koomar, Seraja Dowlah, instead of the familiar Menu, Nuncomar, Surajah. It would be well if some one system were adopted by general consent. Sir William Jones's is easy and sufficiently correct for all ordinary purposes.

TRAVELS IN ASHANGO-LAND.*

PROBABLY no traveller since the days of Abyssinian Bruce has received such an amount of hostile criticism as M. Du Chaillu. The book which he published in 1861 not only professed to describe the physical geography of a region hitherto unvisited by a white man, but to give an account of its strange animal and vegetable productions. His narrative was so remarkable, and many parts of it so evidently extravagant, that many sceptics actually stigmatized him as an impostor, and refused to believe that he had ever penetrated the wilds of Western Equatorial Africa at all. In order to be "revenged" on these ungenerous critics, M. Du Chaillu resolved to repair once more to the scene of his former labours, and thus to adduce unmistakable proof of the authenticity of his work. But before carrying his project into execution, he went through a course of instruction in the use of instruments which should enable him to fix positions by astronomical observations and compass bearings, and to ascertain the altitudes of places. Thus instructed, he spent the greater part of the proceeds of his "Equatorial Africa" in providing himself with goods, instruments, photographic apparatus, &c., which would be necessary, not only for scientific research and precision, but to bribe and conciliate the savages through whose territories he hoped to pass. He reached the Fernand Vaz River in October, 1863, completely equipped with every necessary for

success; but his first movement seemed ominous of coming disaster, for on getting ashore the canoe which contained the greatest part of his scientific instruments was capsized and its contents irrecoverably lost. He had, therefore, to wait nine or ten months until a new set arrived from England, but employed his leisure in collecting specimens of the fauna and flora of that part of the country, a portion of which has since been deposited in the British Museum. The volume before us contains an account of his subsequent adventures and explorations, culminating in the disaster which blighted the hopes in which he had indulged, and which sent him back to the coast in precipitate flight. Whatever may have been our opinion regarding his former accounts, we are bound to acknowledge that the present volume is eminently straightforward and free from extravagance; it contains none of those sensational stories which many people will expect, but treats in clear and forcible language of the many interesting features in the geography, ethnology, and zoology of Western Equatorial Africa.

It is much easier to penetrate to the interior from the east coast of Africa than from the west, because between the former there have been centuries of communication, thereby facilitating the progress of the traveller, while no connection has ever existed between the interior and the latter. M. Du Chaillu's explorations have, therefore, been in a purely virgin region; the only people who have any influence with the tribes on the coast are the traders, and it has been considered absolutely impossible to get more than four days' journey inland. Notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the undertaking, M. Du Chaillu succeeded in exploring this part of the continent for a distance of 400 miles towards the coast, and in his last journey secured ample evidence to convince the most incredulous antagonist of the truth of his assertions. A man may make erroneous statements, and describe fictitious animals and places, but he cannot forge astronomical observations. And here M. Du Chaillu has secured a well-merited triumph. His observations have been sent to Greenwich for computation, and Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, has testified to their exactness. As an instance of their great accuracy, Mr. Dunkin has stated that the position of Mayolo, a place in the Otando country, has been fixed with as much scientific precision as almost any place in Europe. With these unerring proofs, which science has adduced to guide us, we cannot now but recognise the importance of M. Du Chaillu's explorations, and regret the calamities which brought them to a termination. His last volume has evidently been prepared with much greater care than the first; he corrects his former geography, and gives us an insight to the manners and characteristics of the numerous tribes which he had never before visited. These primitive and unsophisticated peoples appear to be very similar in their character. We fail to discern any of that ferocity which distinguishes the savages in many other parts of Africa; their disputes are usually settled by a palaver, when they make long speeches instead of fighting, and thus amicably dispose of their difficulties. The knowledge of their language, which M. Du Chaillu had acquired during several years' residence on the coast, was of invaluable assistance to him, and an advantage which few explorers possess under similar circumstances. He was thus enabled to converse with the chiefs, and make greater progress than he could otherwise have done, though often he was required to display the utmost tact and discretion. The whole of the miserable savages with whom he came in contact displayed the most hideous superstition, and every untoward event that may occur they attribute to the influence of witchcraft. Any one suspected of bewitching another is subjected to a horrible trial. The supposed delinquent is compelled to drink a certain amount of "mboundou," a poisonous mixture prepared by the medicine-man. A strong constitution may resist the influence of the poison, and the individual who survives the trial is declared innocent; but if he succumbs to its deadly force he is mercilessly hacked to death. This superstition appears to be universal in that part of Africa, and shows one of the worst parts of the native character.

One of the most interesting features of M. Du Chaillu's journey was the discovery, in Ashango-Land, of a race of dwarfs. These little people are called Obongos, and are a wandering tribe of wild negroes. They never labour, and never remain long in one place, but trap game and sell it to tribes among whom they migrate. They appear to be even shorter than the Andaman Islanders, who were the smallest race that we knew of before M. Du Chaillu discovered the Obongos. He thus describes the latter:—

"The colour of these people was a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untameable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and colour, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos, amongst whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them, but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding; and I think it very possible that this circumstance may be the cause of the physical deterioration of their race. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheek-bones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short curly tufts; this is the more remarkable, as the Ashangos and neighbouring tribes have rather long bushy hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing

* A Journey to Ashango-Land: and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. With Map and Illustrations. London: Murray.

of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The young man had an unusual quantity of hair also on his legs and breast, growing in short curly tufts similar to the hair of the head, and all the accounts of the Ashangos which I heard agreed in this, that the Obongo men were thickly covered with hair on these parts of their body; besides, I saw myself, during the course of my stay at Niembouai on my return, male Obongos in the village, and although they would not allow me to approach them, I could get near enough to notice the small tufts of hair: one of the men was black. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of grass-cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness."

In Ashango-Land M. Du Chaillu's journey abruptly terminated. One of his men discharged a gun, and accidentally killed one of the natives and the chief's head wife. Prior to this the people had not been very enthusiastic in his favour, and this catastrophe decided them. The war-drum was beat, the neighbouring villages were alarmed, the warriors collected together armed with spears and poisoned arrows, and M. Du Chaillu was compelled to order an immediate and hurried retreat to save himself and his men from destruction. As it was, they had to fight for their lives, and M. Du Chaillu and his head man were both severely wounded. After many difficulties and great hardships they got out of danger; but his men were seized with a panic, and threw away their loads in order to go faster. Thus, instruments, collections of natural history, photographs of scenery and natives, note-books, and goods, were scattered in the jungle, and the work of months irrecoverably lost. Fortunately, M. Du Chaillu saved the greater part of his observations; but he lost everything else, and when he reached the coast he was in rags and penniless. The journey, commenced under such favourable auspices, thus terminated in complete disaster. But it is impossible to deny that its primary object was achieved. M. Du Chaillu was enabled to confirm in their principal points, the statements he previously made regarding the gorilla, and sent specimens of this wonderful ape to England, which any one can now see in the British Museum. He also sent to this country the poor chimpanzee which perished so miserably in the late fire at the Crystal Palace. The portion of the book relating to these wonderful animals is exceedingly interesting, and may be studied with great advantage. His story about the native harp which was made of vegetable fibres, was one of those points keenly disputed; but he has since sent some of these to England, and one was presented by Sir Roderick Murchison to the Duchess of Wellington, who has proved that musical sounds may be produced from it. We cannot but rejoice that M. Du Chaillu has thus vindicated himself against the aspersions that were cast on his veracity; so much so that even Dr. Gray himself, who was his bitterest antagonist, has generously acknowledged the worth of his last volume. And it is almost impossible for us to regret the antagonism M. Du Chaillu formerly met with, since it induced him to return to Africa, and to add so much more to the store of knowledge we possessed of the interesting region through which he travelled.

M. Du Chaillu indulged in what we must term a wild hope that he might be able to penetrate from the west coast to the sources of the Nile, and thereby determine whether there do not exist several lakes not yet discovered, but which contribute their quota to the waters of the great river which flows through Egypt. Though Speke and Grant reached the sources of the Nile from the east, and Baker from the north, there still remains a kind of uncertainty about the final settlement of the question which is somewhat irritating. Livingstone is slowly moving from the south to determine the drainage of Burton's Tanganyika, which we trust he will accomplish, and there would then only remain the nature of the feeders of the Albert Nyanza to be discovered. This M. Du Chaillu hoped to accomplish, but, as we have seen, his project, though grand in design, failed in execution. He has, however, done much. He has explored more than four hundred miles of a region which was the most difficult that remained to be opened to our knowledge, and we cannot but approve of the results of the courage, self-reliance, and perseverance, which he showed when alone among barbarians. His record is in the highest degree interesting to geographers and zoologists, and will assuredly relieve the minds of those who thought him an impostor.

LADY ADELAIDE'S OATH.*

Nothing can be duller than a dull novel. Compared to this a wet Sunday in London is cheerful; the first quadrille of an evening party lively; a companion whose knowledge of the English language is limited to the two words "yes" and "no" downright entertaining. It may be that dullness in a novel is more irritating than in any other shape; because it is there that we least expect to meet with it. Indeed, we generally consider a novel to be the antidote of dullness, and turn to it not so much from a love of the pleasure it is likely to afford as from a fear of the ennui we hope it may dissipate. It would be, perhaps, too harsh to affirm that "Lady Adelaide's Oath" is the dullest novel we ever read; still it would be hard to find a book more dreary and silly, more barren of entertainment, more idly preposterous in its fiction. It seems to have been written with but one view, to fill the pages of the monthly publication for which it was composed. It was once observed that no book was so contemptible as not

to be capable of affording some knowledge. In perusing "Lady Adelaide's Oath" we endeavoured to comfort ourselves with this reflection, and to hope that we might rise from the three volumes at least wiser by a thought. But we were disappointed. Profound weariness was the only emotion imparted; and an inflexible critical conscience alone prevented us from abandoning the book ere we had accomplished the perusal of a fourth part of volume the first.

To begin with—"Lady Adelaide's Oath" is based upon a plan of impossible fiction. Never were the gods wrested with more vehemence from the skies to interpose their supernatural aid in the development of a story. The tale contains no less than five deaths and one resurrection; and of all resurrections this is assuredly the most amazing. A handsome man, called Captain Henry Dane, is in love with a handsome woman called Lady Adelaide Errol. We believe that they are betrothed; but we are not quite sure. Another handsome man, called Mr. Herbert Dane, who is a cousin, is also in love with Lady Adelaide Errol, who reciprocates the passion, though feigning attachment to Captain Henry Dane. There is a curious being, named Ravensbird, who is a servant to Captain Henry. For a long time we are dubious as to his exact nature; we know not whether to consider him a knave or an honest man. Balanced thus between two doubts, we are forced to regard him as a sort of useful nonentity brought in by way of filling up any gaps in the story. On the whole, however, we would rather have him a knave; for he is described as being in possession of a face and an aspect precisely in accordance with our histrionic notions of a "designing caitiff." This curious personage is kicked downstairs one day by his master; for which outrage he is heard breathing deep and desperate menaces against the perpetrator. It is pleasing to know, however, that his revenge extends no further than to his last-muttered vow of vengeance, and that he afterwards repents, with an assurance that "he didn't mean it." Meanwhile, Captain Henry is hurled over the cliff. We are kept in the dark as to the height of the cliff; but we presume the fall must have been great enough to dash out any other man's brains but the gallant captain's. Of course, everybody believes him dead; and the belief is confirmed by the dead body of a man—with a face so like the deceased Captain's as to deceive the father and mother and a heap of relations and retainers—being brought in one day by a fishing-smack, and exhibited in a dismal apartment in the castle, called the "death room." Who this dead man was we are not told; we can only attribute his timely presence to the solicitude of the gods, who first drowned, and then benevolently floated him towards the shores of Danesheld, that the action of the story of "Lady Adelaide's Oath" might not be marred by his absence. Lady Adelaide's engagement being now at an end, Mr. Herbert Dane seeks to claim her hand; but to his astonishment he is repulsed, Lady Adelaide having taken some obscure oath or other that superstition rigidly enforces her to observe inviolable. It is natural to suppose that the charge of Captain Henry Dane's murder would be preferred against the nonentity Ravensbird. This is done. The supposititious villain is detained and examined in a manner so singular as to invite especial notice to the extraordinary views the author has of the principles by which English provincial law is regulated. Ravensbird, however, is acquitted, and by-and-by rents a public-house in which we suppose he ends his days. Meanwhile it is necessary for the action of the story that Herbert Dane should become lord of the manor. This is not easy, seeing that first of all it is imperative that three persons should die. But with the gods all things are possible. Three persons do die—rapidly, one after the other, and Mr. Herbert easily becomes Lord Dane. At this crisis there occurs a shipwreck from which two persons are saved. Of these two persons one takes to his bed, which he keeps with a cardboard shade over his eyes, and the other turns the peaceful town or village of Danesheld upside down by frantically searching for a mysterious box marked with three V's and a cross, which the waves or rather the gods cast up from the bottom of the sea, because without it the story of "Lady Adelaide's Oath" could not easily progress. Presently we learn that the gentleman in bed with the cardboard shade over his eyes is no less a person than Captain Henry Dane, who happily comes to life at the moment when he is enabled to step into the rights from which his fortuitous murderer, Mr. Herbert Dane, now excluded him. Why he did not die as any other man would have died when he was tumbled over the cliff; why, when he found himself alive, he did not return to his home as any other man would have returned; and why he preferred burying himself in America without communicating with those whom he knew mourned him as dead, and who, for all he could tell, might have hanged some innocent wretch for his sake, are questions to answer which we must refer our readers to the story itself; since, were we to state the reasons which we there find disclosed, we might be disbelieved as false, or ridiculed as foolish.

This dreary and preposterous story is unrelieved by a single stroke of humour. It flows muddily along, and stops with a dead jerk. There are many subordinate characters who enter, talk, and exit, without awakening the least anxiety as to their movements, or the faintest regret at their departure. The characters of Shad and Tiffle are doubtless brought in with a view to cheerfulness. The first is a deformed and precocious urchin, with a tendency to incorporate his body with the trunk of every tree he encounters. He plays the eavesdropper with most convenient persistency, and roars very lustily when he is caught in the act and beaten for it. But his comic powers end with this. Mrs. Tiffle is a wrinkled and unpleasant housekeeper, who seems of no further use than to talk bad grammar, and get in the way of the story. Her mirth is of

* Lady Adelaide's Oath. By Mrs. Henry Wood. London: Bentley.

the dreariest possible kind, and through her the author is always straining to say something funny in bad spelling. He is seriously to be envied who can see anything to smile at, or even to keep awake at, in either of these personages. Probability, ridiculously violated from the commencement, awakens no sympathy. We read, and we doze. We never wonder, and we never remember. All the excitement that the tale offers is like the drowsy curiosity that watches the trickling of water from a pump, wondering at its continuance, and speculating as to its cessation. For its style there are dozens of stories in the halfpenny serials equally well or equally badly written. In its treatment it displays some absurd errors. The abrupt transition in the chapter called "The Shipwreck" (vol. ii.) from the shore to the sea by the introduction of the supposed sermon preached by a clergyman to the drowning wretches is a fault that only the tyro-novelist might be excused for committing. It is a piece of padding which good taste would have avoided as superfluous and tedious. Moreover, when we read such bits of dialogue as this—

"My lord! my true and veritable lord! I do know you!" he uttered, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Old Bruff has lived long enough, now that he will see one of the real family reigning at the Castle."

"Lord Dane took his hand and bade him rise. 'I shall not reign there long, Bruff; a short while will see me where I am supposed to be—in the family crypt. But,' added Lord Dane, motioning his son towards him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, 'I hope you will serve another as truly and loyally as you would serve me. This will be the Castle's lord in the future.'"

we are reminded of those theatrical effects which were once associated with the transpontine drama, but which it appears Mrs. Wood has now adopted. The result of weaving fustian with twaddle is not satisfactory. Mrs. Wood has written a few readable novels, but "Lady Adelaide's Oath" must have been written with the same object for which the Jack Pudding prepares his razors.

THE CONCEITS OF A CURATE.*

THIS very extraordinary compilation is, we presume, the work of a literate, as we find no sign of any university degree attached to the name of its author, "John Harrison, Curate of Pitsmoor, Sheffield." When we take into consideration the peculiar talents and attainments that literates for the most part carry with them into the Church, of which they become ordained clergymen, we can only account for the term "literate" being applied to them in accordance with that *negative* principle of etymology by which in Latin we derive "*mons a non movendo*," and "*lucus a non lucendo*." If, however, our polemical curate has really enjoyed the advantages of an academical training, and has a right to such titles as B.A. or M.A., which his humility alone keeps from the vulgar eye, in such a case Mr. Harrison appears to us as a striking example of the extent to which humility and university training may be blended with overweening conceit and gross ignorance in one and the same person. We have still graver charges to make and to substantiate. In his zeal for the purity of the Protestant faith Mr. Harrison has forgotten that charity which the Divine Author of Christianity declared to be its very essence and its most distinctive mark. This curate, whose duty it is to teach his flock not to speak evil of dignities, almost exhausts the vocabulary of abuse when he dashes at such high game as St. Jerome, Archbishop Laud, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman. Even the gentle and the gifted Keble finds no shelter in the sanctity of his life and the sweetness of his muse, though these alone should have shielded him from the fiery darts of this ardent defender of the Protestant faith. The literary character of the work is in keeping with its moral and its intellectual tone; the one is a disgrace to his cloth and the other to his scholarship.

Before we proceed to meet Mr. Harrison on his own grounds of discussion as to what is and what is not the true view of the teaching of the Church of England, we will try to make good the grave charges we have before detailed.

There is little need to dwell on the dragging length of many of the ponderous sentences of an author, which remind us of a certain very dangerous and grovelling animal, when they wrap themselves in so much slime, and emit so much venom. The most venial of Mr. Harrison's literary sins is his attempts at alliteration, concerning the true conditions of which he has evidently no knowledge, while he is equally wanting in that exceeding delicacy of touch, which alone can make alliteration a beauty and a power in composition. Our author's delight is in such phrases as these—"She adopts the *antics*, *attitude*, *apparel*, and *apostacy* of the Churches of Rome and of Greece." "The eloquence of the Bishop of Oxford could not have used more stirring, striking, stringent, stinging epithets."

Not more happy is Mr. Harrison's treatment of the great names that have adorned the early or later ages of the Church. When authorities are against him, they are invariably assailed with abuse, *more forensico*. St. Jerome's famous proposition, that "all bishops are successors of the Apostles," was found to be a very awkward sentence to be explained away by a man who undertakes to show

that the doctrine of apostolic succession was ignored by the Fathers of the Church, and accordingly where argument is impossible, other weapons are taken up. "Jerome," says Mr. Harrison, "perhaps, was a bilious subject; let us see. He informs us he was brought up in a country cottage, on millet and coarse bread, and scarcely enough of that; but such a change had taken place in regard to the outward condition of Christians, since the Emperor of Rome had become one either in reality or profession, that now he had become so choice in his food that his stomach despised the richest delicacies. After such a great change in his diet, Jerome might have become *bilious*."

The arguments of the Bishop of Salisbury, and of other Bishops of the Roman and Greek Churches, who long for "the reunion of Christendom," are thus met:—

"Let us for a moment conceive what action would be taken by these three branches of one and the same *superstition*, called the Catholic Church, against Renan and such-like. Bishops, attired in all the frippery of the most extravagant episcopal habits, their heads crowned with mitres, each with a staff in hand, and placed in fore front of the army of the so-called Catholic Church, as the pretended apostles and infallible guides of the same, might *foam* and *fulminate*, *curse* and *excommunicate* [the reader will not fail to notice this notable example of alliteration combined with rhyme], by a voice which might ring throughout the world; but unless Renan and such-like were in some measure affected by a touch of the ancient Egyptian superstition, all such *scarecrowism* would be worse than useless."

What can this "Bible Christian" mean by such idle tirades, full of "foam" and "fulmination"? Was any cause, however good, ever advanced a single step by unfair abuse lavished on its opponents? or can error be demolished by silly personalities? Archbishop Laud is branded as "the father of English heresy? Queen Elizabeth is abused for her "Popish tendencies," and by a strange contradiction, our author disproves his own charge by the introduction of the Queen's "Anti-Popish Prayer" in his Appendix. A glib tongue should have a good memory, even in a curate who sets up for a divine, and a "fulminator" against queens, fathers, and bishops.

The ridicule sought to be heaped upon the Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Pusey is less surprising than the startling contrast everywhere to be observed between the animus shown to opponents by those distinguished divines and that shown by the "Curate of Pitsmoor." Our "Bible Christian" must have a very extraordinary sense of the ridiculous, when he can make himself merry over a speech of the Bishop of Oxford, in which the following charitable and conscientious course is recommended in dealing with a Nonconformist:—

"Now, how much better it is to go to the man and say:—'If you love the Lord Jesus Christ, I honour and love you because you love Him; but I differ from you upon great and important matters. I do not love you the less because I differ from you; but I am charged to teach the truth of Christ as I have received it, without addition or subtraction, even though I win the universe by adding to or subtracting from it.'"

If Archbishop Laud and Dr. Pusey are powerless to instruct "the erudite" mind of Mr. Harrison in matters of Christian faith and primitive tradition, we think Mr. Harrison might study the writings of these great but mistaken men with the profitable effect of enlarging his charity and softening his intolerance. Did our author ever read of Laud's apostolic charity, which led him habitually to regard "men who exhibited their un-Christian views of Christ and his Church, as neither heretics nor schismatics in the sight of God, and, *however misled, in a state of salvation*?"

It is for Dr. Pusey, however, that the most unfair and most cruel treatment is reserved by Mr. Harrison, one of whose chief aims is to demolish the "Eirenicon." The whole tone and temper of Dr. Pusey's great work is in itself an admirable lesson to this arrogant and bitter controversialist. The "Eirenicon" is, indeed, as its name implies, a *message of peace*, and in the true spirit of Christian charity it looks for the good rather than for the evil points common to Christian communions—it thinketh and hopeth good rather than evil. It regards with feelings of honour and appreciation what it conceives most Christian in the Church of Rome, and offers most lovingly the right hand of Christian fellowship to "the pious Presbyterian" and to "all Evangelicals" who love our common Lord and our common Redeemer. Not a syllable of bitterness, railing, or abuse is to be found in the whole work, which delivers the message of peace and conciliation to the conflicting communions of Christendom in words of singular earnestness and unbounded charity. We wish Mr. Harrison had something of the large heart and the loving spirit of him whom he denounces as a superstitious Donatist.

The great argument and scope of Dr. Pusey's book is altogether left untouched by Mr. Harrison, who confines himself to quibbling with a few quotations from the Fathers in a style equally flippant and irreverent. Did Mr. Harrison see the unsoundness of Dr. Pusey's arguments, and the impracticability of his proposals? These are two questions of doctrine scarcely, if at all, discussed by Mr. Harrison, before which Dr. Pusey's theory at once collapses. The consideration of the assumed infallibility of the Roman Church, and of the different rules of faith adopted by that Church and the Protestant Communions, would seem to settle the whole question. How can Dr. Pusey, or any other divine, reconstruct the Christian Church without the basis of a common rule of faith? But how is this to be done? Where is there one common rule of faith? Puritanism will listen to no objective standard of religious truth

* Whose are the Fathers? or, The Teaching of Certain Anglo-Catholics on the Church and its Ministry, Contrary alike to the Holy Scriptures, to the Fathers of the First Six Centuries, and to those of the Reformed Church of England. By John Harrison, Curate of Pitsmoor, Sheffield. London: Longmans.

but the written word of God; and this she subjects only to the voice of private judgment, and of individual conscience. The Roman Catholic Church ignores all *subjective* interpretation of the Divine Will, and determines the truth by a combined rule of faith, the written word of God committed to the Church, and the voice of God interpreting that written word only by and through the medium of the Church, which finds its expression for the Church's guidance, in her councils and decrees, assumed to be infallible, because they are assumed to be under the direction of inspiration. The Church of England, in her wisdom and moderation, has avoided each of these extremes. She condemns the dangerous principle of absolute unsupported private judgment as the interpretation of her acknowledged rule of faith—the written word of God; and she equally condemns the error of the Roman Church in allowing the decrees of man to override or enjoy equal authority with the word of God. Now these three distinct rules of faith lie deep at the bottom of every known organism of Christian communion. On which of these is the reconstruction of the Christian Church to proceed, even if the basis of a concordat can be provisionally entertained? And how can a common basis be obtained without the sacrifice and surrender of what each communion believes to be not only fundamental to its own peculiar principles, as a distinct communion, but essential to the vital embodiment of any true form of Christianity?

Again, the Church of Rome has styled herself *infallible*: this has been her boast for ages, and this, for all practical purposes, implies the stubborn fact of *immutability*. If she has committed herself to a false doctrine, to an unauthorized exaggeration of the truth, to the sanction of ceremonies antagonistic to the Gospel, she cannot retract without forfeiting her pretensions to infallibility, and her right to rule as the earthly vicegerent of the Redeemer. Can Dr. Pusey have sufficiently considered the blind assumption of a Church that rose in assumption and arrogance in proportion as she departed from "the deposition of the truth" within her pale, when the weakest and worst of men have been the acknowledged lords of the conscience of Christendom. The spiritual arrogance of the Roman Pontiff has grown with the growth of his temporal power, but has not decayed with its decay. How is Dr. Pusey to meet the overshadowing and historical pretensions of the Roman Pontiff as an overruling and infallible vicegerent of the Divine Founder of the Church? Are we, of the Church of England, prepared to repudiate the temporal headship of our beloved sovereign, and the spiritual headship of our archbishop for the figment of divine guidance claimed by the Roman Pontiff? On the other hand, is the Roman Pontiff prepared to abate his absolute claims, and to become simply a bishop among bishops, to rule *par inter pares*, and to ignore the most distinctive attribute of the Church?

Mr. Harrison inveighs strongly against Dr. Pusey's views of Apostolic Succession, and endeavours to show that such a doctrine is ignored by the Fathers and the Reformed English Church. Mr. Blunt, in his valuable Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer, maintains this to be the doctrine both of the early Church and the Church of England. Here are the views of Mr. Blunt, who has studied this question in all its bearings:—

"Such is the doctrine of the Church of England: 'The office and function of priests and ministers of the Church is appointed of God' (Royal Inquirer, 1559). 'Holy Scripture openly teacheth that the order and ministry of priests and bishops was instituted of God, not by man's authority' (Cranmer's Papers, xx.). 'All are agreed that the Apostles received power of God to create bishops' (Resol. of Bishops and Divines, 1540). The Twenty-sixth Article declares that the clergy act 'not in their own name but in Christ's, and do minister by His commission and authority; and the words of the Prayer-book are, 'Almighty God, who by Divine Providence' (Collect for Ember Week), 'by Thy Holy Spirit' (Collect in the Ordinal), 'hath appointed divers orders of ministers in Thy Church.' The institution of the ministry is from heaven, is of God, and the Holy Ghost is the author of it."

"It would be impossible within the compass of the space at our disposal to give a complete series of Patristic authorities to illustrate the great fact of the Apostolical succession. A few must suffice:—

"St. Ignatius (A.D. 107): 'The bishop sitting in God's place, priests in the place of the Company of Apostles and Deacons' (ad Magnes, c. vi.); St. Irenæus (A.D. 202): 'We can reckon up the list of bishops ordained in the Churches by the Apostles up to our time' (Hær. l. iii., c. iii., xx.). St. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 218): 'The ecclesiastical honours of bishops, priests, and deacons, are, I trow, the resemblance of angelic glory' (Strom. l. vi., xxx.). Tertullian (A.D. 220): 'The high priest, i. e., the bishop, has the right of giving baptism; the priests and deacons, but not without his authority' (de Bapt. c. xvii.)."

We may observe in conclusion that the Church of England scarcely requires such a defence of her creed as Mr. Harrison has written, nor such a defendant as he proved himself to be.

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

GERMANY.*

CAPTAIN SPENCER is good enough to give us in his preface an account of the circumstances to which we owe the appearance of the

* Germany from the Baltic to the Adriatic; or, Prussia, Austria, and Venetia, with Reference to the late War. By Captain Spencer. With Illustrations. London: Routledge & Sons.

present work. "It is due," he says, "to the suggestion of that eminent caterer for the intellectual requirements of the public, Mr. George Routledge." That well-known publisher, as we should prefer to say, having, it seems, arrived at the conclusion that a popular work on Germany was wanted, or, in other words, that it would prove a good bookselling speculation, applied to Captain Spencer to "do" it. It was to contain a little of everything about Germany in a small compass; to be something "more instructive than the common-place sayings and doings of the mere traveller;" to make us more intimately acquainted with the past history, the probable future, the religious, social, political, and moral character of the people; and to tell us all that can be told in a comprehensive way of "that vast and interesting country of Central Europe which extends from the Baltic to the Adriatic." Above all, it was to embrace such a summary of the causes and events of the late war, and such an estimate of its probable results, as would render it attractive at the present moment. This was no light task to propose to any author, especially when he was only allowed a month or two to execute it; but, however, Captain Spencer is apparently not a man to be daunted by literary difficulties. Summoning his son to his aid, the two set resolutely to work, and the result is the volume before us—done to order, and we have no doubt executed within the allotted time. It is probably after this enough to say that it is not one of any high literary pretensions. It is evidently written in haste; the treatment of its multifarious subjects is of the slightest character; it is loose in arrangement and miscellaneous in contents. It takes us, in a rambling kind of way, up and down Germany, now describing cities and scenery; now introducing a bit of history or genealogy; now dwelling upon social life and manners; now diverging into some commonplace literary criticism; and now designing the political situation and the strategy of the late war. It is, in fact, an attempt to combine half a dozen books in one, with the usual unsatisfactory result of such an attempt. To any one who really wants to acquire more than the most superficial knowledge of the country, it will be found of little or no use; but those who are entirely ignorant may acquire from it that sort of smattering of the history, geography, and politics of the Fatherland which will enable them to understand leading articles and foreign correspondence, and to take a tolerable share in current English conversation on German topics. Within these limits we can commend Captain Spencer's work to the favourable attention of the reading public, for it is written with a good deal of animation, and although some chapters are not free from a tendency to verbosity, it is, as a whole, neither dry nor tedious. We cannot extend the same toleration to the illustrations. They are lithographs of the most ordinary kind, and deface rather than adorn the pages, to which we suppose they are meant to be ornamental. It is hardly worth while to give any portraits of the principal actors in the late war unless they are somewhat better than those which the newspapers have already so copiously supplied. The very moderate standard of the *Illustrated News* is, however, far from being reached by the stiff and wooden figures and faces which are distributed through this book.

Captain Spencer has a strong admiration for the Prussian people, and a warm sympathy with the cause of German unity. Although he does not undervalue the needle-gun, and does full justice to the strategy of the Prussian commanders in the late war, he attributes the complete and crushing defeat of Austria mainly to the fact that while the North German power brought into the field a highly intelligent soldiery, whose hearts were in the cause for which they were fighting, the South German State had nothing better to rely upon than a heterogeneous assemblage of troops belonging to different nationalities, inspired by no common ideas, and caring little whether they won or lost. He has, indeed, little sympathy for the difficulties, and but scant hope for the future of Austria; whose crimes against the subject's nationality he exposes with an unsparing hand, and of the ability of whose public men he entertains but the most indifferent opinion. On the latter point he speaks apparently from personal knowledge, and his opinion is therefore worth extracting at the present time:—

"There is nothing so disagreeable to a well-disposed traveller as to be compelled to speak harshly of the intellect and social character of any class of men; but when questions of great political importance are involved, the truth must be told. In this instance we may be excused if we say we do not think that the whole of the Austro-Deutschthum could furnish a man equal to the great Prussian in energy, intellect, and sound common sense; and for this reason the education imparted to a people by narrow-minded Jesuits is so much inferior to that usually received by a Protestant gentleman in Protestant countries, and must ever be so, so long as the one faith persists in chaining down the intellect—and the other allows it to expand to the fullest proportions of manly vigour. This is the reason that men of heroic stamp, whether warriors or statesmen, are so rare in Austria. So far as the sixteen quarterings, pure lineage, prepossessing appearance, and ample fortune is concerned, nowhere do you find a more unexceptionable nobility than in the Austro-Deutschthum. They are everything that can be desired in the salon and on the parade—they do not want for dash and spirit on the battle-field, but of men endowed with high mental capacity, and the ability to take advantage of circumstances—adverse or favourable—so indispensable in a man invested with high authority—they have furnished few exemplars to adorn the page of history. This superficial education they have been receiving, as a class, for so many generations from the Jesuits, and the fact of never being allowed to think for themselves, may, in some measure, account for the disasters and humiliations which have so often been the fate of the Austrian army in its conflicts with that of the Bonapartes and the Hohenzollerns, more especially as it is from their class,

almost exclusively, are selected the men to fill the highest offices of the State, both civil and military.

"Again, to what other cause than their incapacity to wield the destinies of a great empire can we attribute the fact that their policy has always been characterized by an obstinate adherence to the traditions of the past—a refusal to march with the times—to keep pace with the spirit of the age. But as a tree is known by its fruits, the verdict against their policy, Kaiser, nobles, Jesuits, and all, is based upon the fact that, while every other European State has been advancing in prosperity, their Austria, year after year, has not only been growing poorer and poorer, but what little commerce it had, is passing into other hands."

It is not, indeed, Captain Spencer seems to think, even now too late for Austria to recover some portion of her former greatness, if she could only emancipate herself from the influence of the Jesuits; and would then, renouncing for ever the idea of exercising any material influence in Germany, enter resolutely upon a course of generosity towards the Magyar and Slavonian peoples. In that case she might become once more a great empire, with Pesth as her centre of gravity, and the country lying along the Danube as the seat of her influence. That she will do anything of the kind Captain Spencer does not, however, anticipate. He rather looks forward to a complete break up of her highly artificial, and in some respects unnatural system, and the rearrangement of its elements in one or more new combinations. In the chapters devoted to Venetia, our author describes the Italian portion of the late war. While he expresses unreserved admiration of the bravery of the Italians, he does not hesitate to express the opinion that they are no match for the Austrians, by whom they were opposed, either on sea or land; and that had the war continued, they would have in vain attempted to break through the iron barrier of the Quadrilateral. In his view the Italian campaign was little more than a diversion, but it was one which contributed greatly to the success of the Prussians at Sadowa; and to that degree, therefore, the Italians are entitled to the credit of having shared effectually in the work of their own liberation. In this part of his work Captain Spencer has occasion to refer to the oath said to be sworn by Louis Napoleon, at the bedside of his dying brother at Forli, and he does so in a manner to provoke and to disappoint our curiosity in the highest degree:—

"We are not at liberty to say more in connection with that painful parting of the living from the dead, than that there are circumstances connected with it of so dreadful an import to an ecclesiastic now high in power as will be certain to form at some future day an exciting chapter in the history of modern Italy."

Over whom, we should like to know, is this shadowy sword of Damocles suspended; and what is the hair by which it is prevented from falling?

THE SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS.

THE *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in addition to its original communications, possesses a very valuable feature, in the excellent periodical summary of scientific proceedings,—condensed, yet comprehensive; brief, yet omitting nothing of interest and importance, with which it furnishes its readers. Under the head of "Chronicles of Science" we get the proceedings of our own learned societies, together with any noteworthy facts from abroad, arranged under the respective heads of the sciences to which they relate; forming a record of the progress of science easy of reference, the merits of which can hardly fail of being appreciated by the public. The first article in the current number, is entitled "Sir Charles Lyell and Modern Geology," and has prefixed to it a vignette, which is an admirable likeness of the veteran geologist, and forms the frontispiece to the volume. The main design of the article seems to be to insist upon the distinguished services Sir Charles Lyell has rendered the science, a point on which such a unanimity of opinion exists, that the tone of the article seems unnecessarily pleading and argumentative. The advent of Sir Charles' "Principles of Geology" in 1830 (declared on its title-page to be "an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in action") at once placed its author by universal consent in the front rank of philosophical geologists. Within a year of its completion the Royal Society testified their opinion of its merits by the award of a Royal medal, and from that date to the present the work may be said to have occupied the position of the general guide and text-book of geologists. Surely, a man of science, the value of whose labours has been recognised at such an exceptionally early period by his contemporaries, and continues undiminished in their estimation, needs neither trumpeter nor herald to proclaim his merits. The chief design of the work was to illustrate and uphold Hutton's doctrine of "uniformity in the causes which have operated, and the phenomena which have been produced throughout all geological time." Hutton's theory was too far in advance of his age to find acceptance amongst his contemporaries. First made public in 1788, it slept without bearing fruit for forty-two years, till the genius of Lyell recognised its value, and brought together in his "Principles" such a mass of facts bearing upon and illustrating every phase of the theory, that what had previously been regarded as the dream of an enthusiast was recognised as an intuition of genius, the doctrine of uniformity became a reality, and geology assumed the position of a rational and inductive, and therefore a growing science. No. 2 is a short paper "On the Igneous Rocks near Montbrison," being a defence, by Professor Daubeny, of his well-known views on the antiquity of the volcanoes of Auvergne, to which, as they have never been called in question by any competent geologist, it is unnecessary to refer. The third article, "On the Means of Transit in India," contains some interesting observations and a fund of important statistics, evidently compiled by some one quite at home

in the subject. "Ice Marks in North Wales," by Alfred Wallace, F.R.G.S., is a sketch of glacial theories and controversies, which, without offering anything new, presents the general reader with a good *résumé* of the present aspect of this geological apple of discord. "On the Future Water Supply of London" is an analysis of two rival schemes for the supply of the metropolis with water, planned by engineers of eminence, which will probably occupy the consideration of Parliament during the present session. One of the competitors, Mr. Bateman, the engineer of the Glasgow and Manchester water-works assures us, on estimates which were calculated on the introduction of the Loch Katrine water into Glasgow, that the saving to the inhabitants of London by the substitution of water as pure as that now supplied to Glasgow, would not be less than £400,000 per annum in the use of soap, soda, tea, coffee, and chemical substances. There are, it appears, only two districts—namely, North Wales and the Lake country—available for the supply of London by gravitation. Mr. Bateman proposes to bring 200,000,000 gallons of water per day from North Wales by an aqueduct 183 miles in length, at an estimated cost of £8,600,000; whilst the plan of Messrs. Hemans & Hassard is to tap the Cumberland lakes—a source of supply 240 miles distant, and the estimated cost is £9,650,000. "Richardson's Ether-spray and Painless Operations" is an interesting account of the discovery by this distinguished physiologist of this well-known apparatus. The "Public Health," by Dr. Lankester, is an article stored with instructive facts and statistical details of value.

The *Anthropological Review and Journal of the Anthropological Society of London*.—The point that will most attract attention about the current number of this periodical is the circumstance of its containing two articles on phrenology. As not long ago we were told in its pages that anthropology had "a more scientific task before it than examining the truth or falsehood of phrenological deduction," we must presume that some new light has broken upon (what we must now regard on its own teaching as) the former benighted condition of its conductors. In good sooth, that a society formed for the avowed object of investigating man in all his relationships, should limit its inquiries into his physical structure to the study of the mere mechanical formation of his skull, diversified occasionally by the profundities of "Syndactyly," should chronicle an "os Inca" or other intercalated ossicle; the obliteration of a suture, or the prominence of a process, and declare it declined the examination of the existence of a relationship between the configuration of the head and the fundamental faculties, for more scientific (?) tasks, was too intrinsically absurd and illogical when confronted with the programme of the society to be permanently persisted in. One of the longest articles in the present number, a letter from Professor Hermann Welcker, "On the Skull of Dante," appears to us so singularly unsatisfactory, not to say contradictory, in its statements and conclusions, as to suggest doubts of the accuracy of the translation. The Professor commences by telling us he shall not enter into the question of the authenticity of the bones, yet nearly the whole of his long and somewhat loose dissertation is devoted to this object. He observes, "I do not doubt the authenticity of the bones produced to be the remains of Dante, and believe that in this letter I shall bring forward new grounds in support of this authenticity." We are next told that great stress is justly laid upon the agreement of the skull found in the chest with Dante's mask, that everywhere the measurement of the skull should be somewhat less than that of the mask, whereas it is, on the contrary, very decidedly larger in three important dimensions. This discrepancy is not cleared up by the Professor, and hence it appears to us that his avowed conclusions are rather negatived than supported by the facts he adduces. Finally, the probable weight of Dante's brain is inquired into, and the estimate of 1,420 grammes attained. On this the Professor remarks, "Under all circumstances the position of Dante in our table must appear very remarkable. That the cipher representing the weight of the brain of so eminent a genius exceeds the common average only by a little, appears to stand in strong contradiction to the before stated position" (i.e., that the genius of men is in proportion to the weight of their brains). "Among the true geniuses of our table Dante shows the lowest figure, and the five instances in which smaller ciphers occur are far from being of equal birth" (rank?). Professor Welcker solves the imaginary difficulty by the following imaginative explanation:—"Many highly endowed men have a small capacity of skull, and consequently not a very large brain, but in these cases the small size of the skull is the consequence of the infantile obliteration of the sutures." Where is the evidence? "Whilst I maintain that smallness of skull, so long as it does not rest on a checked development produced by synostosis, will rarely if ever be met with in conjunction with higher intellectual endowments, I also admit that a brain designed for greater intellectual powers, restrained in its development by the occurrence of contraction of the space of the cavity of the skull, may without injurious results be circumscribed to a smaller volume under a limitation of the growth of these tissues, which are indifferent to the psyche, and when the tissues especially serving the intellectual functions are spared." These notions are the veriest chimeras; not only have we no evidence that synostosis ever diminished the capacity of a skull or produced pressure, still less a pressure followed by such a remarkable exhibition of "elective affinity" or "natural selection" in the behaviour of certain tissues,—but such an idea is opposed to all we know of the laws of growth, and the phenomena of development. A vigour of mental manifestation as a whole in excess of the average with a given size of brain, must be attributed to the quality of brain being above the average; but no such conclusion necessarily follows with regard to the intellect, seeing that the intellectual faculties occupy comparatively but a small portion of the head, and may be, and often are, above the average in size, whilst that of the head as a whole is below. In short, for every large head of a man of great intellect, nothing would be easier than to produce a score equally large of individuals remarkable for nothing but their great animality. Rush, Palmer, Mrs. Manning, and Thom of Canterbury (the self-styled Sir William Courtenay), had exceptionally large heads, and we scarcely require to be told that the same peculiarity attaches to Brigham Young, since it is the necessary attribute of all men who

Patristes
Commodat

have the gift of exercising an extensive personal sway over others. "On the Great Race Elements in Christianity," by the Rev. Dunbar J. Heath, is a suggestive paper deserving of, and sure to receive, careful study and consideration. The subject is subdivided into "the area in which Christianity has maintained itself in existence, the agents by whose activity it was originally propagated; the principles moral, social, and intellectual, which it has asserted; and the imagery in which it has clothed and ornamented itself." The gist of the argument is that the principles, propagators, and imagery, of this religion are Aryan and not Semitic.

The *Intellectual Observer*, as usual, presents its readers with a showy frontispiece. On this occasion some specimens of ancient jewellery are selected, and by the aid of gilding, varnish, and colour, a very clever imitation of the real objects is produced. The accompanying article on ancient jewellery is a very readable one, but does not call for special notice, if we except that we altogether demur to the opinion expressed by the writer, that the ancients, who were expert engravers on gems and "cunning workmen" in various departments of art, had not invented the lathe—the step to which from the potters' wheel is a very short one. The most valuable article in the number is "On the Form, Growth, and Construction of Shells," by the late Dr. S. T. Woodward, continued from the November number. The four genera, Cowries, Cones, Mitras, and Volutes, probably include the rarest and most costly shells that are known. Yet the shell in the Cowrie and Volute is concealed within the folds of the mantle, and in the Cone it is covered and its beauty hidden by a thick epidermis. "God's works," writes Professor Forbes, "are never left unfinished. None are too minute for the display of infinite perfection. The microscope has exhibited to our wondering eyes beauties of structure that have been concealed from mortal sight for long ages. It would almost seem as if only glimpses of those excellences of creation are permitted to man to behold, whilst the full contemplation of such wondrous charms is reserved for immortal and invisible admirers." In those mollusks whose shell is reduced to a mere rudimentary organ, we find that its primary design and object is the protection of the heart and breathing organs. The first explanation which presents itself to the mind to account for the variety in the form and construction of shells, says Dr. Woodward, is, that "nature never repeats," and that when things are different, the difference extends to every part of the organization. In considering the origin of variations in the form of shells, we should need a much more extensive and intimate knowledge of those which preceded the present races, in order to show that their relationship was that of descent. All we can now say is that the present races closely resemble their immediate predecessors, and are more and more unlike the shells of older geological times. "On Telegraphic Communication by means of a Numerical Code," by Lieutenant J. Herschel, R.E., contains, within the compass of three pages, a philosophic examination of the first principles of telegraphy, accompanied with ingenious suggestions for its improvement.

The *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*.—There is an ample field for a journal of this character, the poverty of our periodical literature in the department to which it devotes itself being almost a national reproach. Taking the first number as a specimen, if this periodical be as well supported as it is ably conducted, we may expect to see it assume a permanent position. "The Anatomy of the Cornea," by Dr. Lightbody, and "On Human Crania," by Professor Huxley, are two articles specially worthy of attention, and which we would gladly notice more at large did space permit.

Hardwicke's Science Gossip is amusing and instructive, as usual. The following curious, but very apocryphal story appears in its pages:—"Our house was perfectly free from cockroaches till June last, when we got a kitten, and immediately the cockroaches appeared. The cat showed peculiar enmity to them, and used to hunt and eat them by the dozen every day; and, always after being fed, she would go under the grate and hunt for them. Some weeks back, she having been ill for some time, was taken away; and from that very day the cockroaches disappeared also, one solitary individual having been seen on one occasion since; and since he came to grief, not one has appeared. Can there be any connection between their disappearance and the removal of the cat? It seems more than a coincidence and her enmity to them makes it remarkable."

Received, the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*.

SHORT NOTICES.

St. Valentine's Pocket-Book. (John Camden Hotten.)—Mr. Hotten has prepared a collection of verses suited to the occasion, when, as Lamb says, the "postman almost sinks under the weight of his delicate embarrassments." Why the book should be got up like a business ledger we cannot easily understand, unless it be intended as a mild joke, very mild, similar to the fun of printing notes on the bank of love. The literature of Valentines is not uninteresting, though the compilation of ready reckoners for amatory purposes appears to show a degraded condition of sentiment. A lady would probably prefer the genuine leaden sound of her own lover's doggerel to the clink of a verse inscribed with the name of Sir John Suckling. The taste for Valentines is now almost entirely confined to people who cannot possibly write them decently, and if they are determined to write them at all, they had better buy them made and copy them afterwards. Mr. Hotten's assortment is amusing and not uninteresting, containing good, bad, and indifferent poems on a subject which might well be headed, "Rhymes without Reason;" but we suppose in the case of such effusions the gentleman finds the rhyme and the lady the reason. "St. Valentine's Pocket-Book" contains a frontispiece, a young lad whose dress is altogether comprised in an envelope directed to Mr. Hymen Honeydew. The combination of marriage with a preparation of tobacco is unusual, and we think original. The little volume is neatly gilt, and of a convenient size.

Select Biographical Sketches from the Note-Books of a Law Reporter. By W. H. Bennett, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Routledge & Sons.)—We are willing to believe all that Mr. Bennett would have us believe

about the miscellaneous contents of a law reporter's note-book, and would not for the world be so narrowminded as to suppose they consist only of MS. notes. It is probable, however, that, as the son of a London solicitor early initiated into legal life, Mr. Bennett has had opportunities, enjoyed by few, of becoming acquainted with the celebrities of the law, their sayings and doings. But we do not see the evidence either of the richness of his note-book, or of his experience, in this volume. Some few things he has added to our knowledge of the distinguished men of whom he treats; but they throw no new light upon their characters, nor have they any special claim to be remembered. What praise Mr. Bennett deserves is due to him for having compiled, from other sources than his own, several readable sketches of Lord Ellenborough, Sir Samuel Romilly, Lords Eldon, Truro, Campbell, and Lyndhurst. But he could have done this as well if he had not been the son of a London solicitor, or had never had a note-book.

The *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, for January (Day & Son), contains several articles of great length, and of interest to artists and lovers of art. The first is a criticism by Mr. C. Ruland, formerly librarian to the Prince Consort, on the "New History of Painting in Italy," by Messrs. Crowe & Cavalcaselle. We have there an elaborate paper by Mr. G. Scharf on the restorations effected in "The Westminster Portrait of Richard II.," accompanied by some curious illustrations. "The History of Painting in England," Part II., is a review of the Messrs. Redgraves' "Century of Painters of the English School." Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd continues his remarks on "The Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raphael." Mr. Seymour Haden's etchings are made the subject of an article, and some specimens are annexed. Just's "Life of Winckelmann" is reviewed, and some account is given of an old "Book of Christian Prayers," published in 1569 by John Daye, with facsimiles of their quaint woodcuts. Some lighter articles succeed, and towards the close of the number we find a very interesting chromolithograph of a first study by Leonardo da Vinci for his "Last Supper," with a descriptive account.

The *Sunshine of Domestic Life*. By W. H. Adams. (T. Nelson & Sons.)—Mr. Adams is a useful and a graceful writer, and in this handsome volume he gives biographical sketches of women who exemplify some particular virtue. We do not like the manner in which the virtue is hung up at the commencement of each chapter; it looks as if Mr. Adams were determined to bring his characters forcibly within the reach of it. For a little girl who had grown out of story books, this would make a charming present, and, as young gentlemen nowadays, the moment they disbelieve in "Simple Simon," almost always become cynical towards ladies, a record of this kind would be of considerable advantage as a corrective, if they could be got to read it.

A *Woman Sold, and other Poems*. By Augusta Webster. (Macmillan & Co.)—This lady writes poetry. She must not be confounded with the rhyme-afflicted men and women who compose couplets, and who discompose the best humoured persons who may have the misfortune to read them. She is not profoundly original or striking, but she has a keen imaginative perception, a bright fancy, and a power of distinct and pathetic utterance, which at times reaches to an elevated expression of her art. Her genius is lyrical, and lyrical with a warm tinge of emotional colour. She gives you verses which suggest rather than describe, and which are full of music without jingle, and of passion without spasmodic affectation. Those who can appreciate delicate and graceful writing, will read Augusta Webster's poems more than once.

Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London, with illustrations by Charles H. Bennett. A New and Revised Edition. (George Routledge & Sons.)—This little book, which we remember to have read with pleasure when it first appeared as "Oberon's Horn" some few years ago, is one calculated to amuse grown people quite as much as it will delight little folk. Concerning Mr. Bennett's illustrations, it is impossible to say too much. In reproducing the pretty, innocent face of little Melilot, or the ridiculous countenance of the absurd Sir Aylevan, he is equally successful.

The *Paris Sketch Book*. By W. M. Thackeray. With numerous designs by the author on copper and wood. (Smith & Elder.)—We consider it a good sign of the times when a new edition of any work of Thackeray's is called for. "The Paris Sketch Book" is not Thackeray at his best, but should be read by all who wish, as it were, to see "Vanity Fair" in the making. The illustrations, while execrable as drawings, possess a certain force and humour which almost excuse their clumsiness. "Ludovicus, an Historical Study," is worthy of the letterpress, and is as characteristic of the artist as any book he ever wrote.

Selim, the Nasakchi; a Persian Tale in Verse. By Charles Hetherington. (Whittaker & Co.)—Mr. Hetherington is not destitute of poetical sentiment; and if he understood the art of punctuation better than he does, and were more practised in reading proofs, his verse, which is far from disagreeable, though it is occasionally suggestive of burlesque, would pass muster. Its fault is its mediocrity; it is not ungraceful, and seldom limping, though now and then slightly ridiculous. As poetry goes, we have read worse effusions than "Selim."

Australian Capers. By "Old Boomerang." (Routledge.)—We have read "Boomerang's" lively and clever sketches, and we hope to hear of him again. He has a spirited and unaffected manner, and his off life in Australia with both power and humour, and with an occasional dash of pathos which relieves the almost superabundant fun of the volume.

Inaugural Address Delivered to the University of St. Andrews. By John Stuart Mill. (Longmans.)—Messrs. Longmans have issued this address in a convenient form, and when we say that it is fit to be placed on a level with the "Essay on Liberty," we have said enough to commend it.

We have also received *History of Civilisation in England*. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Three vols. New Edition. (Messrs. Longman); *Literary Fables*, from the Spanish of Yriarte. Third Edition. (Same Publishers); and the *Anglers' Diary* for 1867. (Field Office.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

DR. STRAUSS, the author of a novel described by the *Athenæum* as "vulgar, profane, and indelicate," has just brought an action against that journal for libel. An action on the same ground was tried at Kingston some time ago, and settled by the withdrawal of a juror. The plaintiff moved the Court of Queen's Bench to put aside this settlement, on the ground that it was without his knowledge and consent; but this was refused. He has now, however, had an opportunity of going into the facts of the case again, the *Athenæum*, it was alleged, having repeated the libel in some comments on the first trial, in its number for the 7th of last April, and made other injurious statements. The trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, a few days ago, resulted in a verdict for the defendant. Some passages from the book (which is called "The Old Ledger") were read in court, and the jury could hardly be persuaded to hear the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Kenealy. In summing up, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said:—"It was all very well for the plaintiff's counsel to contend that literature should be free and unfettered. Be it so. But then, if you give, on the one hand, the utmost latitude to literary composition, there ought to be at least the same latitude to literary criticism, on the other." This is very true, and excellently put. Mr. Kenealy made two blunders in one sentence when he said that Keats was killed, and Shelley driven from the country, by hostile criticism. Both were savagely and unfairly criticised, and no doubt were at times made to suffer sharply. But Keats died of consumption, and Shelley left England to escape the persecution of the Court of Chancery, which had deprived him of the custody of two of his children, and which he feared might take the others.

A strange speculation about Shakespeare, which attracted some notice ten or eleven years ago, is referred to by the *Bookseller*, which says:—"A second edition of Mr. Nathaniel Holmes's essay on the 'Authorship of Shakespeare' has been issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York. In January, 1856, an article appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*, in which doubts were thrown on the generally-accepted fact that Shakespeare was the author of the plays and poems attributed to him; and it was somewhat positively intimated that Lord Bacon's was the real hand by which the said plays and poems had been penned. This ingenious theory created some little discussion among the critics of the day, but it was almost universally pronounced to be untenable. This article was found to have been written by Miss Delia Bacon, who in the following year published her speculations, under the title of 'The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded,' with a preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. But, meanwhile, Mr. Holmes had his attention directed to this tempting theme; and, considering the fact that no scrap of Shakespeare's actual writing—other than his will and his signature to various legal documents—has come down to us, and the remarkable silence of contemporary writers as to his manuscript plays and poems, he has arrived at the conclusion that Shakespeare was rather the editor of other men's works than an original author; and that to Bacon must be given the palm. This theory, which is both an enlargement and a condensation of Miss Delia Bacon's notion, he submits to 'the consideration and judgment of the general jury of candid readers,' in a thick and by no means unattractive volume, printed at the celebrated Riverside Press, near Cambridge, Massachusetts." Even if Shakespeare, after all, did not write Shakespeare—which we see no reason to believe—it is pretty certain that Bacon was not the author. He had not sufficient geniality of nature for such performances, and what we know of his verse-writing is singular for its baldness and want of metre.

"W. J. T." writes to *Notes and Queries* on the seasonable subject of valentines. He says:—"However ancient may be the custom of choosing valentines, that of sending them I believe to be of comparatively recent date. Brand, Hone, and all the best authorities on folklore, including *Notes and Queries* itself, may be searched in vain for evidence of sending valentines being an old custom. It probably does not date from earlier than the beginning of the last century, when it seems valentines were sometimes drawn by lot; and, accordingly, in the *British Apollo* for January, 1711 (vol. iii. No. 130), we find a querist asking—supposing he has selected a valentine of the fair sex, whether he or she ought to make the present; and his query, which is in rhyme, proceeds—

'Suppose I'm her choice,
And the better to show it,
My Ticket she wears,
That the whole Town may know it.'

The Tickets here alluded to, whether drawn or selected, were doubtless often sent to the chosen fair, and the transition from such ticket to the present valentine is a very simple one; and in this old custom, therefore, we have, no doubt, the origin of the present fashion."

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 11th inst., Sir R. I. Murchison, Bart., President, in the chair, a letter was read, which was supposed to be the last written by M. Jules Gérard, the "Lion-killer" and African traveller, who met with his death whilst on his way from West Africa to Algiers, *via* Timbuctu. It was dated Mano, lat. 8° 10' N., in the interior from Sherbro, on the West Coast, south of Sierra Leone, and was addressed to a French trader at Sherbro, by whom it was given to Lieutenant Alwin S. Bell, who had communicated it to the Society. Gérard had met with the usual difficulties in passing the territories of the chiefs near the coast, and was, at the time of writing, staying with Bagon, King of the Kasso tribe. The letter gave some interesting details concerning the River Tayé in the Kasso country, and described ivory and cotton as very abundant and low in price, the country never having been visited by traders. The death of the traveller occurred, according to Lieutenant Bell, within a month of the date of the letter, by the upsetting of a canoe in crossing the Jong River; but whether by accident, or the design of the natives, was not known with certainty at Sherbro.

A noteworthy piece of clerical intolerance occurred a few evenings ago at Farndon, a village in Cheshire. At a "penny reading" given there, a Mr. Phillips commenced reading a passage from "Pickwick," when the incumbent of the parish, Mr. Johnstone, rose up, and

peremptorily ordered the reader to stop. Mr. Phillips, rather injudiciously, submitted to this exhibition of priestly tyranny, and retired. It would be interesting to know on what authority Mr. Johnstone interposed, and forbade the reading. The poor people of Farndon are certainly kept in check with a very tight hand, and it would be as well for them to muster up a little more spirit for the future.

Mr. Dickens was a spectator of Monday's Reform demonstration from the balcony of the Athenæum Club, in company with the Archbishop of York, who, about a year and a half ago, denounced the reading of novels as pernicious.

At the last conversazione held at University College, nearly all the Professors of the Theological and General Departments of King's College, including the Rev. the Principal, were present. We record this fact as a favourable sign of the times, and rejoice to state that a friendly feeling has begun to manifest itself between what used to be called the two "rival" colleges of London.

The "Table Talk" of the *Guardian* makes reference to a curious fact:—"It may be interesting to our University readers to know that Milton was not only a poet, but a lexicographer, and that he made some contributions to the Latin Dictionary of Ainsworth. It appears that the compilers of the Cambridge Dictionary, published in 1693, made use of a MS. collection in three large folios, made by 'Mr. John Milton,' out of all the best and purest Roman authors. Also the fourth edition of Dr. Adam Littleton's Latin Dictionary, published in 1703, has an acknowledgment on the title-page of its indebtedness to the same MS. of Milton. These two dictionaries were the immediate precursors of that of Ainsworth, which is evidently based upon them, although much improved."

The Welsh Eisteddfod is to be held this year at Carmarthen, in the course of September. The following is the list of subjects and prizes for the current year:—"On the Advantages of Milford Haven as a Commercial Port of National Importance," prize £100. "Defence of the Welsh People against the Misrepresentations of their English Critics," £10. 10s., and a silver medal. "On the History of the Settlement of the Flemings in South Wales," £5. 5s. "On the Administration of Justice in Wales in 1800 and 1867," £10. 10s., and a silver medal. "On the Social and Intellectual Condition of Wales," £50 (copyright to remain the property of the author). "On the Effects of High-class Farming," £5. 5s. "On the Carboniferous Rocks of Wales," £10. 10s., and a silver medal.

The first number of the *St. Stephen's Chronicle* is before us. Though it is to be issued weekly, it has the appearance of a monthly magazine, being stitched in a wrapper, and consisting of 148 pages demy octavo, at the price of a shilling. It contains a full report of the proceedings in Parliament of the previous week, a summary of the week, a selection of articles from the daily and weekly press, after the manner of *Public Opinion*, and a list of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and of the Cabinet. The publication is well printed, and may be of use to politicians and journalists; but it is, we think, doubtful whether there is a large public for so expensive a periodical.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, brother to Mrs. Stowe, is said to be engaged to write for *Bonner's Ledger*, a New York paper of large circulation, for which he has a retaining fee of 25,000 dollars, or £5,000.

We are informed that Mr. George Macdonald, whose "Unspoken Sermons" were noticed in our last impression, is not a layman, as we supposed, but that he was educated for an Independent minister, had a congregation for some time, and preaches frequently in London, although at present he has no settled duty.

Mrs. Grattan, widow of the celebrated Henry Grattan, died on Wednesday week, in Dublin, at an advanced age.

"Miss Martineau," according to the *Guardian*, "is reprinting, for private circulation among her own friends, and friends of the families most nearly concerned, her memoirs of the late Lord Canning and the late Lord Elgin, from *Once a Week* and the *Daily News* respectively. The little work is to be called 'A British Friendship'; it is full of reminiscences not only of India, but also of Christ Church days, when those two great men and the late Lord Dalhousie were all at Oxford together. It is understood that this is Miss Martineau's last 'literary leaflet.'"

Mr. J. W. Kaye, of the India Office, who is well known as the author of several works in connection with our Eastern Empire, is engaged on a "History of India to the End of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," of which the first two volumes will be published by the Messrs. LONGMANS forthwith, and the third and last at Easter.

A monument to the late Lord Holland, said to be very excellent in design and execution, has been erected in the church of San Giuseppe in the Riviera di Chiaja, Naples.

It is said that the Queen is preparing a work for the press, illustrated by plates of her own execution.

A Russian general of artillery (says a contemporary) has just died, after having deposited in the Bank of St. Petersburg a sum of £8,000, to remain at interest until the year 1925, the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Alexander I., and then to be given to the author of the best history of that Sovereign. The sum will amount to £384,000.

At the end of 1867, according to a new copyright law passed some years since by the German Diet, and agreed to by all the separate Governments, all copyright which had up to that time been prolonged by special privileges ceases, and becomes public property.

The next number of *Belgravia* (we mean, of course, Miss Braddon's) is to contain the commencement of a new story, to be called "Circo."

Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave, our consul at Soukum Kalé, is writing a narrative of his travels in Georgia and Circassia, to be published by Messrs. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has been engaged by Messrs. BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co. to write a guide to Paris and the Exhibition, under the title of "Paris for the English in 1867."

A third edition of "New America" has been published by Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT.

HACHETTE & Co. announce a new novel of Ch. Deslys, called "Le Rachat du Passé."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ainsworth (W. H.), *The Spanish Match*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Athlete (The) for 1866. Feap., 2s.
 Author's Children (The). 18mo., 1s.
 Paletta (J. N.), *Homer: a Criticism on his Life and Poems in Modern Greek*. 4to., 21s.
 Bantam (M.), *Art of Extempore Speaking*. 4th edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Belgravia. Edited by Miss Braddon. Vol. I. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Bowditch (W. R.), *Analysis, &c., of Coal Gas*. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Braddon (Miss), *The Doctor's Wife*. Cheap edit. Feap., 2s.
 British Rural Sports. By "Stonehenge." 7th edit. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Calendar of Letters and Despatches between England and Spain.—Vol. II. Henry VIII. Imp. 8vo., 15s.
 Cooper (Rev. J.), *Science of Spiritual Life*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Clockmaker (The) of St. Laurent. Edited by Rev. J. S. Clarke. 18mo., 1s.
 Collis (J. D.), *Praxis Latina Primaria*. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Combe and Hine's *Improved School Registers*. No. 1. Folio, 2s.
 Ditto. No. 8. 4to., 8s.
 Cox (Rev. G. W.), *Manual of Mythology*. Feap., 3s.
 Critical Essays of a Country Parson. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Crosse (T. F.), *Lectures on Early Scripture*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Davenport (Emma), *The Dawn and the Object*. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Everard (Rev. G.), *Day by Day*. New edit. Feap., 3s.
 Fergusson (J.), *History of Architecture*. Vol. II. 8vo., £2. 2s.
 Fuentes (M. A.), *Lima: Sketches of the Capital of Peru*. Royal 8vo., 21s.
 George III.'s Correspondence with Lord North. 2 vols. 8vo., 32s.
 Gibbs (G. D.), *The Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Gill (J.), *School Management*. 11th edit. 12mo., 3s.
 Griffith (Cecil), *Victory Deane*. 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Hamilton (J.), *Philo: a Romance*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Hasell (Miss), *The Rock, and other Lectures*. Feap., 2s.
 Herschel (Sir J. F.), *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Howell (T.), *Few Story Thoughts on Shakspeare*. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Intellectual Observer (The). Vol. X. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Junior Atlas (The) for Schools. New edit. Royal 8vo., 6s.
 Kavanagh (Julia), *Sybil's Second Love*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Kerr (J.), *Elementary Treatise on Rational Mechanics*. 8vo., 8s.
 Lamb (C.), *Essays of Elia*. New edit. 1st series. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 ———, *Tales from Shakspeare*. New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Mayhew (A.), *Paved with Gold*. 3rd edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Miller (Thomas), *Child's Country Book*. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 More than a Match. By Author of "Recommended to Mercy." 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Moultrie (Rev. G.), *Hymns and Lyrics for the Services of the Church*. Feap., 6s.
 Moxon's Standard Penny Readings. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Sakontala; or, *The Lost Ring*. Translated by M. Williams. Small 4to., 21s.
 Scripture Acrostics. By A. E. H. 18mo., 1s.
 Select Library of Fiction.—*Castle Richmond*. By A. Trollope. Feap., 2s.
 Stories told to a Child. New edit. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Vlachos (A.), *Method of Learning Modern Greek*. 12mo., 4s.
 Vores (Rev. T.), *Living Counsels*. 3rd series. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Yearsley (J.), *Throat Ailments*. 8th edit. 8vo., 5s.

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